

# punch

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PUNCH OFFICE

10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

## The Dollar-Saver

Every two sides of bacon we import have to be paid for in foreign currency that we are at our wits' end to earn.

Yet every two sides of home-grown pig have attached: two hams, two fore-hocks, two loins and two bath chaps.

Add, then, kidneys, liver for Aisleit, trimmings for pork pies and sausages, four trotters, the head for brawn, and (say) 14 lbs. of lard for cooking, and you have a great deal more nourishment per pig.

*But you don't get these with imported bacon.*

Pigs breed fast and grow fast. Every pig-keeper (and every home-bred sow) saves vital dollars. Will you be a dollar-saver? If you can't keep a pig you can press for more food for pigs. This isn't politics, it's plain commonsense — more now than ever.

Issued by

**MARSH & BAXTER LTD**

*in the interests of National nutrition*

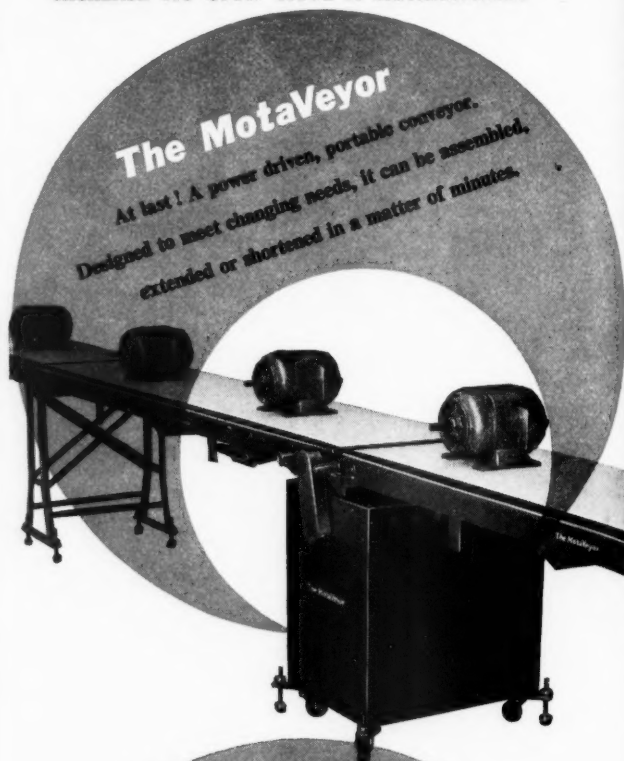
Marsh & Baxter Ltd, Brierley Hill, makers of the famous Marsh Hams



**PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES**  
MEDIUM OR MILD

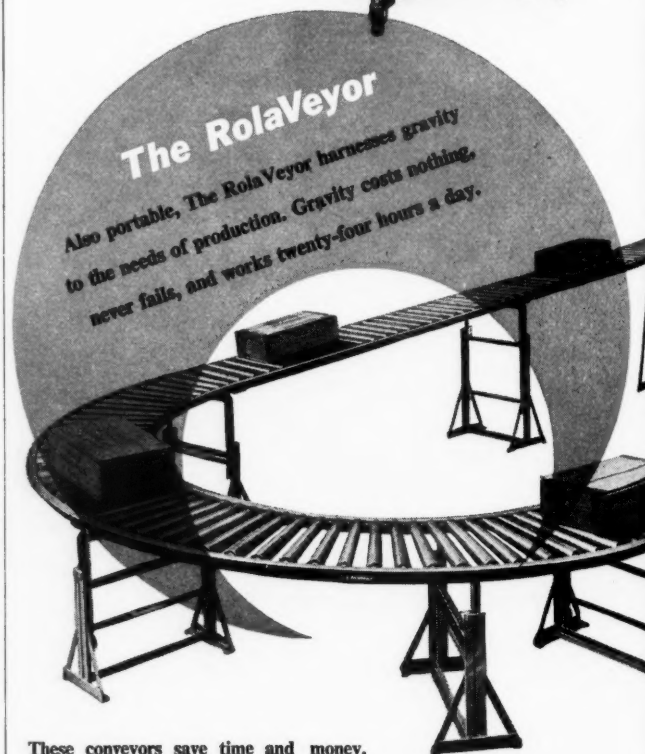
[NCC 717]

**EACH TIME YOU HANDLE AN ARTICLE YOU  
INCREASE ITS COST. MOVE IT MECHANICALLY**



**The MotaVeyor**

*At last! A power driven, portable conveyor.  
Designed to meet changing needs, it can be assembled,  
extended or shortened in a matter of minutes.*



**The RolaVeyor**

*Also portable, The RolaVeyor harnesses gravity  
to the needs of production. Gravity costs nothing,  
never fails, and works twenty-four hours a day.*

These conveyors save time and money.

Write for full particulars (quote reference A20)

**J. Collis & Sons, Ltd.**

Regent Square, Gray's Inn Road,  
London, W.C.1

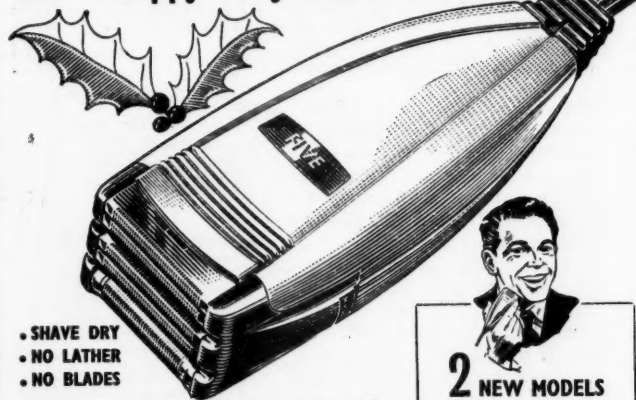
Telephone: TERMINUS 6141

Ⓢ N16

Let's  
make it a  
marvellous party  
Let's have  
**MOUSSEC**  
and do the thing well



A Merry Christmas  
and a Happy Daily Shave for him..



- SHAVE DRY
- NO LATHER
- NO BLADES

Give him a Remington Electric Dry Shaver for Christmas. A gift that will make your man happy — that will take the everlasting mess and drudgery from the morning shave. He will be able to shave clean, close, smooth and fast, to shave anywhere without the slightest fuss; without brush, cream or hot water. What a boon! How he will bless you for such a welcome gift!

**REMINGTON**  
ELECTRIC DRY SHAPER

MADE IN G.T. BRITAIN

On sale everywhere. Buy now to be sure  
Available in 210/250 v. or 110/125 AC/DC.  
The Dual-volt operates over both ranges.

## 2 NEW MODELS

In addition to the world famous Remington Four-some, two new models are now available.

**FIVE:** Two heads are better than one. Here are no less than five shaving heads made up of two improved diamond-honed Blue Streak twin heads and one Round head.

**DUAL-VOLT FOURSOME:** A universal all-mains model which can thus be used at home or abroad. One improved Blue Streak twin head and two Remington Round heads give a combination of four shaving heads.

REMINGTON RAND LTD. (SHAVER DIV.), 1 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1

Well  
turned-out  
men like

**Cheviot**  
GROOMING AIDS



discriminating women demand good grooming in men. CHEVIOT satisfies both. Here is a Hair Oil made with olive oil, a Cologne refreshing and restrained, an After Shave Lotion of distinction — all as masculine as pipe and cigar. Play Santa Claus to the man in your life with CHEVIOT gift wallets; he'll love you for it.

**TOOTAL TIES**  
have everything

For formality at the office, or colour at week-ends, there's every style in the enormous Tootal range — plain shades, dots, stripes, paisleys, checks. And how they wear! Every tie is made in fabric marked "TEBILIZED" for tested crease-resistance; and the colours stay bright through repeated washings. Why not see for yourself?



**TOOTAL TIES**

2/9 Popular

Standard 3/6 & Sports

5/- Special

All prices include Purchase Tax. 'Tootal' and 'Tebilized' are Registered Trade Marks  
TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD. 56 OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER, 1





# Champagne

makes it an occasion



When there's magic in the air . . .  
when hearts beat faster . . . when  
'the day' comes round again . . .  
*Champagne makes it an occasion.*

ISSUED BY COMITÉ INTERPROFESSIONNEL DU VIN DE CHAMPAGNE,  
EPERNAY, FRANCE

WEAR  
*"Waukeezzi"*



"WOMAN'S BOOTE" in the new Low Leg style, fully lined and very smart. An ideal model for those cold days, because of its supreme comfort and warmth.



...YOUR SHOE SYMBOL

THE WAUKEEZI SHOE CO. LTD., NORTHAMPTON  
(Associate of the Norvic Shoe Co., Ltd.)

## KEEP FRIENDSHIP EVERGREEN WITH EVERSHARP

A gift of an Eversharp Repeater is a handsome way of saying to your friends overseas—"out of sight, but not out of mind". The streamlined gold-filled Repeater has the beauty of a lasting gift, yet it is really practical. Press the cap—the lead appears. Press again, and the lead can withdraw to safety. Remove the reversible eraser, drop in the leads, and there's 6 months' easy writing in hand. No winding, no adjusting, always a lead ready. The prices, too, are just right for the times. This one costs 45/10d. (inc. tax). Others from 12/6d.



**EVER SHARP**  
PATENTED

BRITISH MADE **REPEATER**  
**PENCILS**

Eversharp products are made in Great Britain, Canada, and the U.S.A.  
EVERSHARP LTD., 195-9 GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

## What's in a MAIN?

On a Main Cooker THE OVEN is a masterpiece of sensible planning. All the surfaces are vitreous enamelled for easy cleaning. The fittings can be removed in a moment and washed at the sink. The shelves glide in and out at a touch. The oven heat is automatically controlled by the patent Mainstat, so that food is cooked without attention and gas is saved. The outward swing of the oven door is checked by a stop-rod. And all gas taps are spring-loaded safety type which cannot be turned on accidentally.



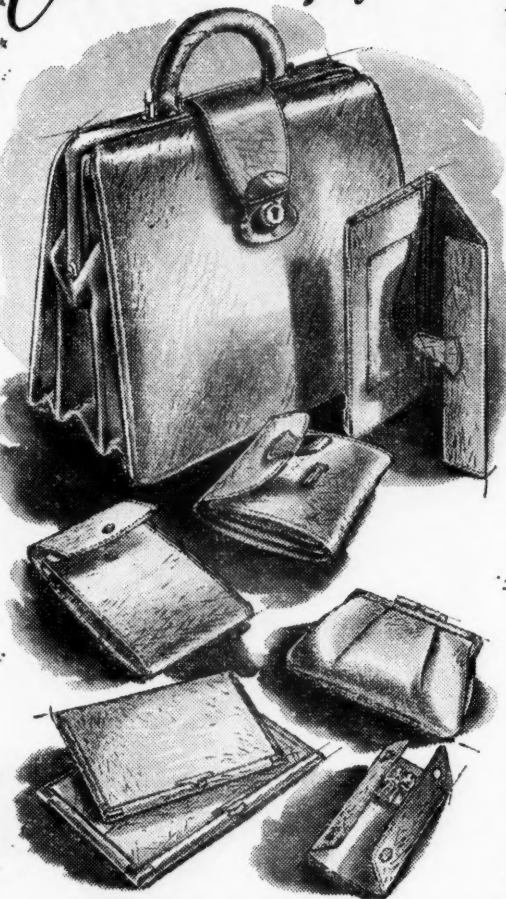
Grey Dapple and White, or Cream and Black finishes. Plinth base. Hinged cover and shelf fold flat over hotplate when cooker is not in use.

See the latest Main models at the Gas Showrooms.

**THE NAME IN GAS COOKERS**



# Christmas Gifts



... in handsome, hard-wearing Pigskin, chosen from the large selection of attractive leather items to be seen in the Fancy Leather Goods Department, Ground Floor.

**DOCUMENT CASE** with three inner divisions and an extra zip-fastened pocket. Strong gilt lock. 11½ x 10 ins. **£6. 19. 6.**  
In Pigskin.

Also available in Morocco: black, brown, navy . . . **£5. 15. 0.**  
Post and packing 1/-

**WALLET** in Pigskin, with silver-gilt corners, five pockets. 7 x 4½ ins. **£5. 19. 6.**  
Post and packing 6d.

**FOLDING NOTE CASE**, in Pigskin, moiré lined, with three large pockets and two smaller ones. Silver-gilt clip. 4½ x 3½ ins. . . . **£3. 19. 6.**  
Post and packing 6d.

**CHEQUE BOOK COVER** in Pigskin. 4½ x 3½ ins. **£1. 1. 6.**  
when folded. . . .  
Post and packing 6d.

**PURSE** on strong metal frame; pleated front; lined with suede. 4½ x 3 ins. **£1. 3. 6.**  
In Pigskin.  
Post and packing 6d.

**CIGARETTE CASE**, of Pigskin, attractive flat shape (in two sizes) with silver-gilt corners and front clip. 5 x 3½ ins. . . **£6. 6. 0.**  
6 x 3½ ins. . . . **£6. 12. 9.**

Post and packing 9d.  
**KEY CASE** in Pigskin, lined with suede; with metal fittings 17/-  
4 x 2½ ins. . . .  
Post and packing 6d.

# at HARRODS

## CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTIES

Let Harrods completely arrange your children's parties. They will engage entertainers, arrange the catering and the hire of equipment, china and cutlery. Hire and Catering, Third Floor.



# Phyllis Earle

★ Hair Tinting

in all the delicate perfection of soft shades.

Brilliant Stylists for your individual hair do.

Permanent Waving—Facial Treatments—Manicure.

A complete and delightful beauty service under one roof, where you may without obligation obtain advice.

Phyllis Earle 32 DOVER STREET • LONDON • W.1  
Telephone Regent 7541 (10 lines)

## -Christmas Presents-

# Write for illustrated catalogue of

# Scarves by

# Jacqmar

16, Grosvenor Street London. W.1.

... but love  
won't kill  
germs



Sterilize  
that  
feeding  
bottle

Protect your baby from the germs of gastro-enteritis (sickness and diarrhoea), often traceable to imperfectly sterilized feeding bottles. This disease kills over three thousand children a year. Even though a bottle looks clean, you cannot be sure it is not infected. Milton is stabilised electrolytic sodium hypochlorite and a powerful sterilizer. Sterilization with Milton is simple, quick, sure, saves risk of breakage by boiling, and leaves no taint or odour. Ask your chemist for Milton Baby's Bottle Routine Instruction Leaflet or write to Milton Antiseptic Ltd., Dept. 26, 10-12 Brewery Road, London, N.7

with **Milton**

The Perfected  
**BEAVER  
LAMB**  
Coat



For Christmas and its attendant festivities the "Four Seasons" coat is a must—glamorous to wear—proof against the coldest spell. A coat to flatter—to comfort—to positively bask in. Call to-day and inspect the quality and fascinating selections—the best value ever at prices from **19½ to 31 GNS.**

**SPECIAL APPROVAL OFFER**  
The "Four Seasons" range is available to out-of-town shoppers on approval for 7 days. Write to-day for style brochure of coats, capes, etc.

Obtainable only from:

**The Sheepskin Shop**

The original Sheepskin specialists

(DEPT. 112) 435/7 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.



"Obviously  
**JAMAL-**



As a hairdresser,  
I advise Jamal. It's the  
smart wave, and it  
brings out the best of  
every hairstyle."

**Jamal**

LUXURIOUS PERMANENT WAVING

... MACHINELESS

... KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR



# CHIVERS

are Growers as well as preservers of the Finest Fruits and Vegetables

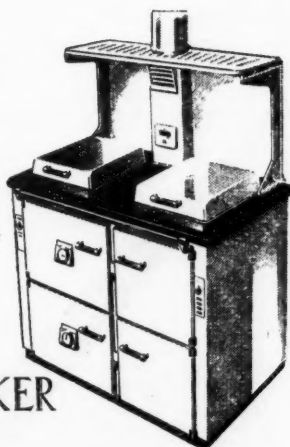
CHIVERS & SONS LTD., THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

GD104



A contradiction in terms? Certainly not. Any woman, admiring the gleaming surfaces of a range which cooks for twenty guests, is likely to call it opulent, and realising how little fuel it uses, will certainly call it economical.

The Advance Cooker No. 1 provides sufficient hotplate and oven space to cater for twenty people—or even thirty with an auxiliary oven. It will burn night and day with the minimum of solid fuel, replenished only once in twenty-four hours—or twice when using coke. Here is a cooker to save time, work, health and temper—the Advance Cooker No. 1. Write for folder number 30, which tells you all about it.



## ADVANCE COOKER

EAGLE RANGE & GRATE CO. LTD. WILSONS & MATHIESONS LTD. PARK FOUNDRY CO. LTD.  
ASTON · BIRMINGHAM · 6 ARMLEY · LEEDS · 12 BELPER · DERBYSHIRE

3531D



A. WANDER LTD., BY APPOINTMENT  
OVALTINE MANUFACTURERS TO H.M. THE KING

# Why Quality is the Best Economy



T is generally agreed that it is more economical to buy the best. Quality First! . . . is the guiding principle in the manufacture of 'Ovaltine'.

Products from the famous 'Ovaltine' Farms set the highest standards for the malt, milk and eggs used. The 'Ovaltine' Laboratories control every step of preparation.

The very large world-wide demand reduces manufacturing costs, thus enabling you to buy 'Ovaltine' quality at its exceptionally economical price.

Quality, Economy and Health-giving value have made 'Ovaltine' the world's most popular food beverage.



Drink delicious

# OVALTINE

and note the Difference!

P.729A



# ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

Back for old friends abroad—but very scarce at home

THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST  
BOOKSHOP

**FOYLES**  
★ FOR BOOKS ★

FOR YOUR  
CHRISTMAS  
GIFT BOOKS



Stock of 3 million  
volumes

119-125

CHARING CROSS ROAD  
LONDON, W.C.2.

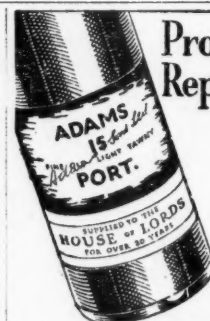
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)  
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)



**Balkan  
Sobranie  
Smoking  
Mixture**

Made by  
the makers of  
**Balkan Sobranie**  
at Sobranie House  
London, E.C.1

Light up and settle down to that long slow smoke which calms a troubled world. With Balkan Sobranie glowing in the bowl of your favourite briar anxiety goes up in smoke and an inimitable aroma makes rings round every fret. This Smoking Mixture contains the topmost leaves of the rarest Yenidje leaf mellowed and matured by the Macedonian sunshine for seven long years. In its smoking is the perfect answer to every present discontent and a philosophy to match your every mood . . .



Proved  
Reputation

**ADAMS PORT**  
*Always the  
choice of connoisseurs*

used the WORLD over

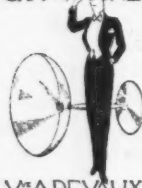
SADDLER  
MADE

**GOLF BAGS**  
by **CLIFF** of  
**WALSALL**

EST:  
1873

JAMES CLIFF & CO. LTD. 280/1  
GLOVE WORKS, WALSALL

CHAMPAGNE



**V. ADEVAUX**  
Marque déposée  
EPERNAY MARNE  
'So well worth  
drinking'

**THE ACCENT IS ON THE WORD WINE**

With the exception of Connoisseurs too many people forget that Champagne is as much a wine as any other, a very beautiful wine, and not just a bottle of bubbly for special occasions only. Moreover Champagne is no longer twice the cost of other quality wines but is very little more than vintage Claret, a fine Burgundy or a choice Hock as reputable Wine Merchants' lists will show.

Champagne is delicate on the palate, exhilarating without reaction and the only wine which blends with all dishes.

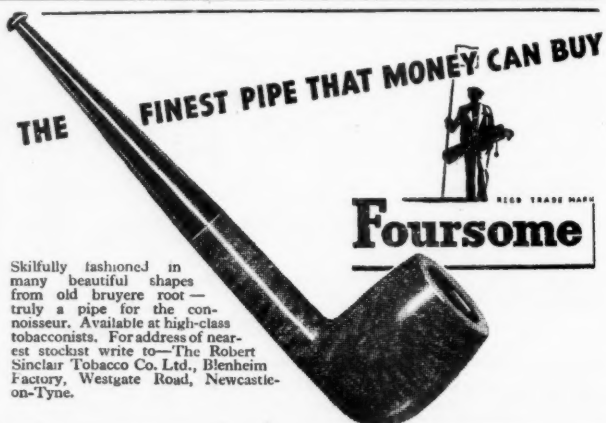
**AN OFFER**

DEVAUX have been making Champagne for a HUNDRED YEARS and for a Pound I will gladly send you a bottle or two half bottles to judge for yourself, any further orders to be placed through your own wine merchant at current retail prices.

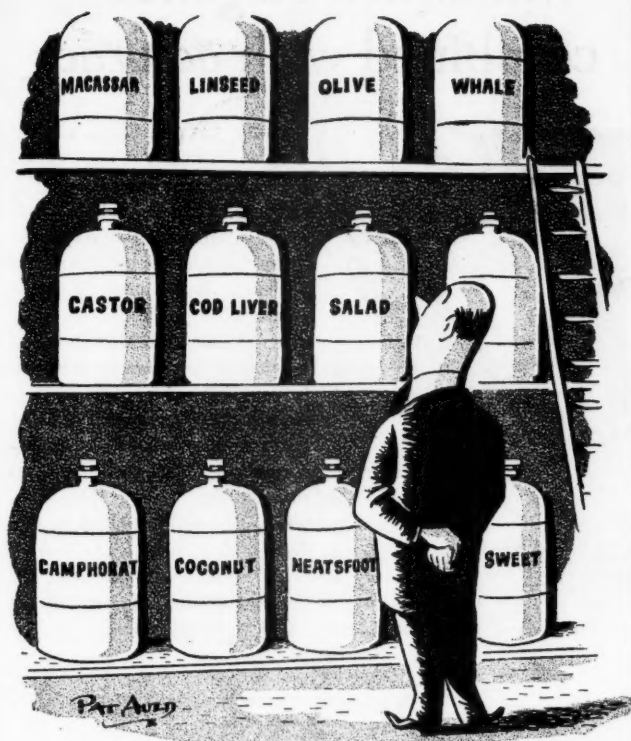
Some people find HALF BOTTLES very useful, just enough for two at dinner when it is additionally an ideal Tonic after a hard day

Sole Importer:  
**ROBERT E. BOUSCARLE**, 49 Wellington St.,  
London, W.C.2. TEMPLE Bar 6844/5

*R. Bouscarle*



Skilfully fashioned in many beautiful shapes from old bruyere root—truly a pipe for the connoisseur. Available at high-class tobacconists. For address of nearest stockist write to—The Robert Sinclair Tobacco Co. Ltd., Blenheim Factory, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.



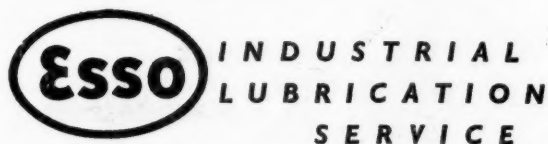
## make no mistake!

No engineer would dream of using linseed oil to lubricate a lathe. Nor would a fond mama rub junior's chest with oil containing tri-cresyl-phosphate. Both lathe and laddie would complain in unmistakable manner.

No, *make no mistake*, where oil is concerned you must pick the *right* one to achieve the *right* effect. And nowhere more so than in industry, where correct lubrication can keep machines running longer, running better and without unnecessary breakdowns.

Are you absolutely certain that the lubricants you are using today *are the right ones*? Might there not be a better one for a particular job? Remember, there are many new and advanced Esso lubricants available today which were not developed a few years ago. Wouldn't it be wise to have a specialist opinion? *It might mean just that extra something from your machines you have been seeking.*

Simply write to the Esso Industrial Lubrication Service at the address below. It is a *free* service. It is readily and speedily available to all British manufacturers and industrialists throughout the country.



38 QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, LONDON, S.W.1

BY APPOINTMENT  
PURVEYORS OF DUTCH LIQUEURS



TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

## WYNAND FOCKINK

AMSTERDAM  
Established 1679

*Finest Dutch Liqueurs*

Advocaat

Kümmel Sec extra dry

Orange Curaçao

and

Cherry Liqueur

## Sheltered

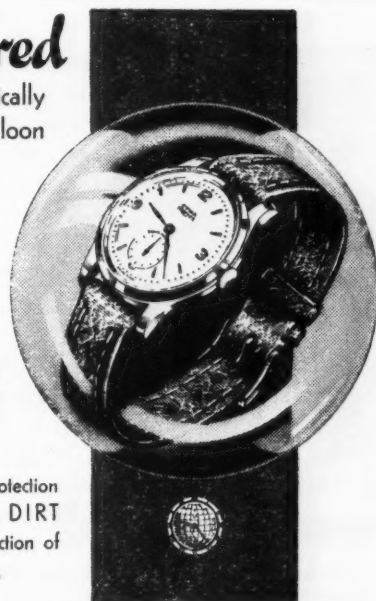
as in a hermetically  
sealed glass balloon

The

**CYMA  
TRIPLEX**

movement

owes its successful protection  
against DUST and DIRT  
to the perfect construction of  
its specially built case.

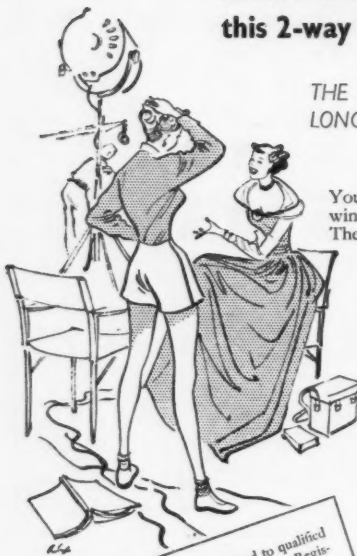


**CYMA**  
**TRIPLEX**

SHOCK-ABSORBER • DUSTPROOF • NON-MAGNETIC  
WORLD'S FINEST WATCH FOR ALL CLIMATES AND ROUGH WEAR

starlets are finding  
this 2-way winding

THE SUREST WAVE TO  
LONG-TERM GLAMOUR



DO YOU KNOW THAT Eugene is limited to qualified hairdressers who are Registered Eugene Wavers. Eugene's two laboratories and the largest research staff in the industry are engaged in constant development work.

You don't have to be a movie star to win compliments and be admired. There is a very special something about every girl with the new Eugene root-and-point Wave. It means lustrous curls and pretty hair-do's to your heart's content. It's the modern way to make hair lovelier, healthier and so adaptable it will take to the newest hair styles with ease. Don't put it off, just hitch your wagon to a starlet and be sure your next permanent wave is a Eugene. Book your appointment now with your Registered Eugene Waver, and discover for yourself this new beauty wave that's "permanently yours".

*Eugène*

THE NEW ROOT-AND-POINT PERMANENT WAVE



The good  
that lives on

There are so many ways of hurting a child. Lack of love and companionship, confinement, for whole days at a time, alone in a bare room — these are examples of the not-so-obvious forms of cruelty. And so, if you want to make a bequest to a really good cause, you could not find a better one than the NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN. Its business is to protect and it only prosecutes when help and advice have failed.

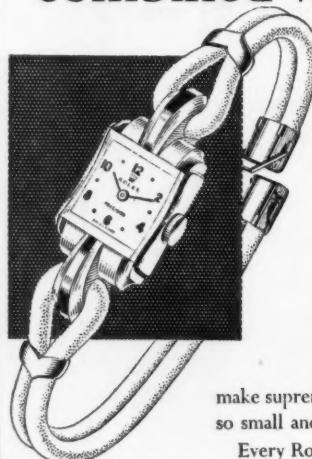
when making your will, please remember the

**N · S · P · C · C**

Information gladly supplied on application to The Director, N.S.P.C.C., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 2774



Miniature elegance—  
combined with accuracy



This beautiful Rolex ladies' watch (stainless steel with leather cord) is ideal both for day and evening wear. It is dainty and elegant to look at, and can be relied upon to give lasting, accurate service.

IT ISN'T EASY to design a ladies' wrist-watch that is at once elegant and accurate. For ladies are exacting creatures. They demand that their watches shall be small — very small! And the smaller the movement, the harder it is to make it really accurate.

It is a Rolex rule that no ladies' watch shall ever leave the factory if it is not first and foremost accurate and reliable. The triumph of Rolex craftsmen lies in the fact that they make supremely accurate, reliable ladies' watches so small and so beautiful.

Every Rolex ladies' watch is an original creation designed by Rolex craftsmen, many of whom are actually descended from the founders of the Genevan Guild of Craftsmanship, one of the most famous of all mediaeval guilds.

**ROLEX**

Leaders in fashion and precision

THE ROLEX WATCH COMPANY LTD. (H. WILSDORF, GOVERNING DIRECTOR)

Introducing  
Monsieur  
Joannes



Monsieur Joannes is a famous French chef and the head of the Maconochie kitchens. All Maconochie's Soups are made from his special recipes, and they have to be made to perfection or Monsieur Joannes gets really angry. Maybe that's the reason why Maconochies have that touch of extra flavour — why they're so surprisingly delicious. Treat yourself to Maconochie's Tomato — or any of the other kinds. They really are jolly good!



**Trust**

**Maconochies**

**for flavour**





### The Baboon

went up in a balloon.  
He meant to reach Fez  
but ran out of gez \*)



\*) He did not, however, run out of **KIA-ORA**

KIA-ORA THE MOST DELICIOUS OF ALL FRUIT DRINKS • ORANGE • LEMON • GRAPE FRUIT • LIME • LEMON BARLEY

## THE BIRO TREE OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Here is the Biro range of Christmas Gift pens. You will experience no difficulty in selecting the gift precisely suited to your requirements.

### BIRO DE LUXE

A luxury pen of truly handsome appearance for those who appreciate the best in pen craftsmanship. Cases in black, maroon or dove grey with cap and fittings of gold on silver—styled and made by Asprey's of Bond Street.

Price : £5.15.0d.

*Biro de luxe takes the famous Magnum refill.*

### BIROMATIC

This very attractive Biro is available in two styles : in gleaming rolled gold or in shining rhodium-plate. The point is ready for writing when you press the top of the case. Press again and the point retracts into the case.

Price : Rhodium plated 29/4d. Rolled Gold 45/0d.

*Biromatic refills 1/10d.*

### THE NEW BIRO

The new Biro, graceful in appearance, gives the convenient and reliable Biro Service famous throughout the world. In three attractive colours : black, maroon, dove grey, with new non-slip clip.

Price : 25/8d. *The new Biro takes Magnum refills.*

### BIROETTE

This improved Biro model is specially designed to slip easily into pocket or handbag. Slim, neat and graceful. Available in four attractive colours : blue, maroon, dove grey or black, with cap in silvery argenite.

Price : 13/9d. *Biroette refills 1/10d.*

### BIRO MINOR

Biro Minor — the popular adaptation of the world famous Biro. Designed originally for use on desk or bench, Biro Minor is fitted with a protective cap and can be carried anywhere. Available in four useful colours with matching inks : blue, red, green and black.

Price each—4/1½d. Per set of 4—16/6d. Refills 2/3½d. Handy Stand to carry four Biro Minors 2/9d.

**A PEN FOR YOUR  
GIFT THOUGHTS**



Manufactured by The Miles-Martin Pen Co. Ltd.



IN THE SERVICE OF THRIFT FOR A CENTURY

## THE ABBEE NATIONAL

BUILDING SOCIETY

which this year celebrates its hundredth anniversary, is marking the occasion by a relaxation of its investment restrictions. Until further notice existing shareholders may add any sum to their share accounts, provided the total does not exceed £5,000. New shareholders may invest up to £5,000. (Husband and wife are considered as one for this purpose.)

*This is a  
Safety-First  
Investment*

CURRENT  
**2 1/4%**  
YIELD

*Income tax  
borne by the  
Society*

FURTHER PARTICULARS FROM

Head Office

ABBEE HOUSE, BAKER STREET, LONDON N.W.1



CVS-222



### "Bridge with three men if not four"

CHINESE philosophical outlook has much in common with our own, but none so much as that of the perfectionist who, ranging himself at the side of Buddha, says, "Beyond our best there ever rises a better hope."

So it is with *Standard*. Infinite inquisitiveness, imagination, manufacturing integrity and a frank acknowledgment that the future holds more than this age can know, are their guiding principles which, backed by a world-wide organisation, produce telecommunication systems and equipment which are amongst the world's major engineering feats. Beyond our best there ever rises a better hope. To-day's outlook is the bridge between things as we know them and things as we would like them to be.



**Standard Telephones and Cables Limited**

TELECOMMUNICATION ENGINEERS

CONNAUGHT HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2

P2

**Le Meilleur  
Aperitif  
de la France**



The most promising start to a happy evening  
is the simplest and best cocktail—  
 $\frac{2}{3}$  Gin and  $\frac{1}{3}$  Lillet (with just a dash of  
Orange Bitters or a slice of lemon peel).

# LILLET

TWISS & BROWNINGS & HALLOWES LTD.  
1 VINTNERS' PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4

## Ever-Ready De Luxe RAZOR SET AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT

Every man will be proud to receive an Ever-Ready De Luxe Razor Set this Xmas.

And no wonder — with an Ever-Ready Razor fitted with Ever-Ready CorruX Blades he is certain of perfect speedy shaving every morning of his life. Remember there are no loose parts to annoy during the early morning rush. Just a flick — and the Ever-Ready Razor is ready for shaving or cleaning.

### Ever-Ready de luxe SET

with 6 Ever-Ready

**CORRUX** Blades

COMPLETE

TAX PAID

**5/3**

# Ever-Ready

ONE PIECE Snap-Action RAZOR

WITH THE MARVELLOUS Ever-Ready **CORRUX** Blade



### OTHER ITEMS IN THE EVER-READY XMAS GIFT RANGE

Ever-Ready Strop Outfit 21/-; Ever-Ready Safety Lock Ambassador Set 12/6; Ever-Ready Streamline Set 10/-; Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes. Ask your dealer to show you them.





## Greet him with Gillette

No. 16  
Set



What man wouldn't be delighted? The highly-polished nickel-plated case contains an Aristocrat one-piece razor and a Gillette Dispenser holding 10 Blue Gillette blades. 32/6 (Inc. P. Tax)

These sets contain a Gillette one-piece razor and a Gillette Dispenser—the up-to-date system now making shaving easier than ever before.

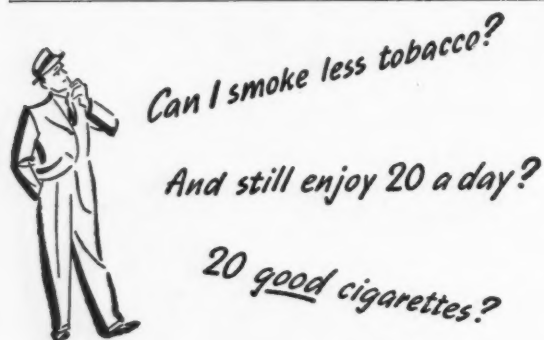
A daily pleasure for years to come. Handsome fabric-covered case with plated rims. Heavily plated Aristocrat one-piece razor with Gillette Dispenser holding 10 Blue Gillette Blades. 26/3 (Inc. P. Tax)

Good idea—the Gillette Dispenser, containing 20 Blue Gillette Blades, is available separately. 5/4 (Inc. P. Tax)

Gillette Shaving Brushes are back again—7/6 and 48/6 (Inc. P. Tax)



No. 22  
Set



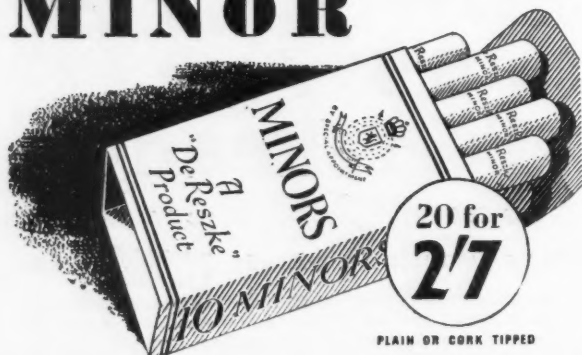
Can I smoke less tobacco?

And still enjoy 20 a day?

20 good cigarettes?

Yes! mine's a

# MINOR



20 for  
**2/7**

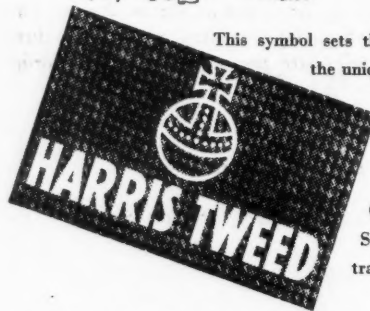
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

## Certificate of Pedigree



This symbol sets the seal of authenticity on the unique Harris Tweed—unique in the geographic environment of the Crofters who hand weave it in the Islands of the Outer Hebrides from virgin Scottish Wool—unique in traditional excellence.



- ★ Look for the mark on the cloth
- ★ Look for the label on the garment

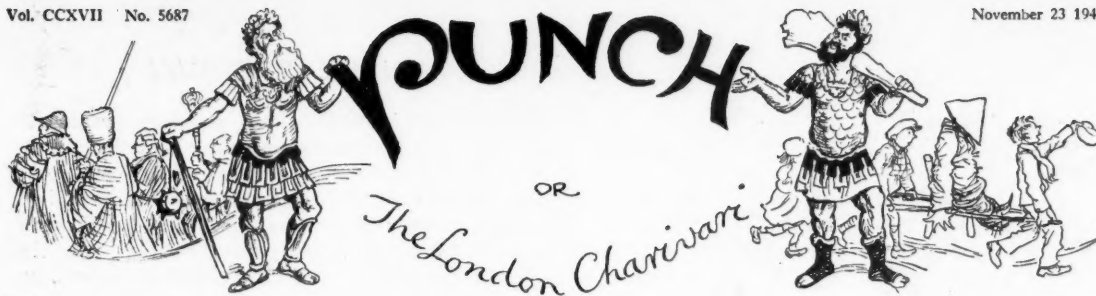


Issued by THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LTD

# Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits



ICC



## CHARIVARIA

It is a rule of a Crewe hall that political parties may not hire it for a meeting, but may do so for a dance. They may not advocate measures, in other words—only tread them.

"CELERY SOUP. Wash the celery and cut it into small pieces. Cut up the saucepan, put in the onion and cook gently for 5 minutes."—*"Irish Independent"*

Just the thing for your iron ration.



There are fewer pigeons in Trafalgar Square. One theory is that, under the threat of staff cuts, more pigeon-holes are becoming vacant in Whitehall.

Features planned for the amusement park at the Festival of Britain include a beer-garden and revolving flower-beds. These two attractions are felt to be, in a sense, complementary.

### Neanderthaler Outbid

"A Sedan chair sold for £20 at a Fairward (Sussex) auction; a 1908 Daimler in good order was bought by a Piltown man for £155."—*"Sunday Empire News"*

A hundred thousand meat-workers in the Argentine recently went on strike. This is the first sign of sympathy they have ever shown with any section of the British public.

We read that a key hung outside the door in Sweden means that the family is not at home. In our own country of course it only means that the family is not all there.

### Blood Donors Urgently Wanted

"YOUNG BLOOD NEEDED IN BOWLS."

Headline in *"Eastern Evening News"*

A sailor stranded at Southampton spoke a language nobody could understand. It is suggested that he may be a native of a country as yet undiscovered by the British Council.



"For Sale. One skeleton standing in cupboard. Write, Finlay, 57 Park Road, Gloucester."—Advt. in *"British Medical Journal"*

You can't get rid of it as easily as that.

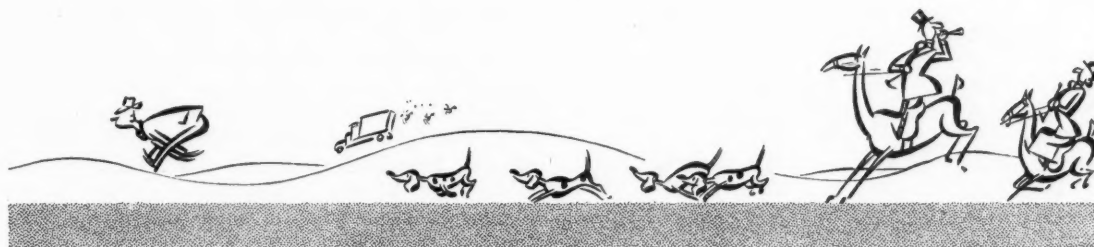
A Midlands fireman was driven to his wedding on a fire-tender. There was no escape.

"G— was then alleged to have jumped about 20 feet from the open window. He was caught by Detective Miller."

*"Liverpool Echo"*

Well held, sir!

Farmers in the shires doubt whether fox-hunting adequately protects their geese and turkeys. They might be convinced if hounds occasionally forced a spiv to break cover.





*"Our new air-conditioning plant has completely ruined the lovely smells that used to come up from the kitchen every now and then."*

## RECRUITING FOR CIVIL DEFENCE

November 1949

**F**ETCH me my old tin hat; it's back to the basement for me:

The Warden's Post and the motley host and the hourly cup of tea.

Back to the duty time-table, back to the lecture hall, For they're starting Civil Defence again, and I hear the call.

Fetch me my respirator, maybe I'll need it once more. Redundant before, it hung on the door, all the years of the war;

They're starting Civil Defence, you never know what you may need,

So hand me my notes about bomb-blast, and wish me Godspeed.

Fetch me my stirrup-pump, I've got to be off and away. My memory's rusty, my uniform's dusty, my hair has gone grey.

But the whistle is blowing and I must be going, rheumatics and all,

For they're starting Civil Defence again, and I hear the call.

## NAME THE DAY

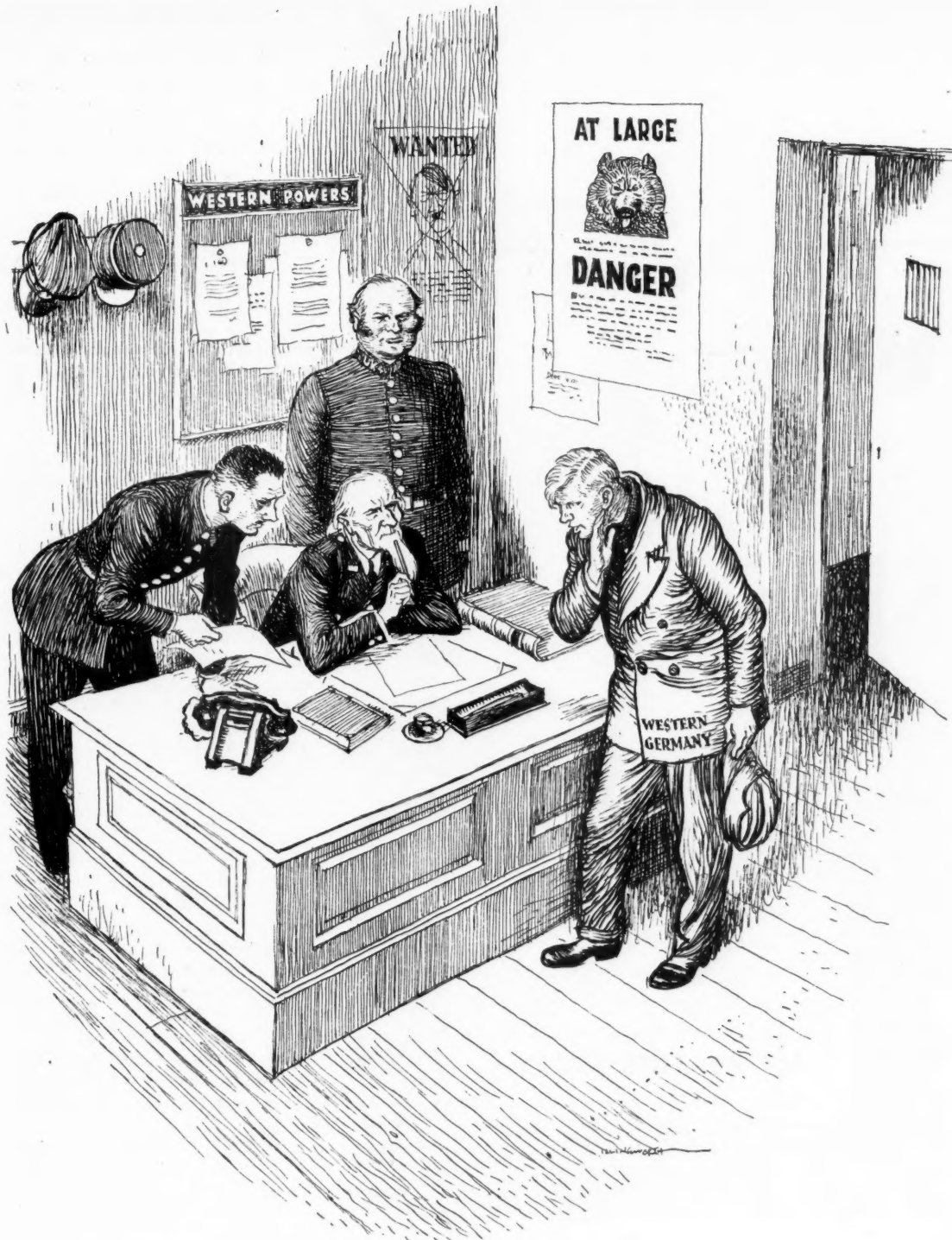
**D**EAR MR. PUNCH,—I am now in a position to give your readers the true facts about the internal crisis in the Labour Movement. For some weeks political correspondents have been reporting dissensions in the Cabinet and have ascribed them to disagreements about economic policy and about the date of the forthcoming General Election. There is, indeed, an acute crisis within the Cabinet, but it concerns quite a different subject.

As the term of office of the present Government draws to its close the Cabinet have been seeking a suitable permanent memorial to the work that it has done for the country. Among the Conservative institutions which they have long wished to see abandoned is the outmoded practice of recognizing the days of the week by the names of pagan gods worshipped in countries which were in a state of political backwardness at the time. A decision has accordingly been made to re-name these days after prominent members of the Cabinet, for which purpose a Bill will shortly be introduced, to be known as the "Days of the Week Re-nomenclature Bill."

Progress on this Bill proceeded smoothly at first. The Minister of Defence's claim to be commemorated by Sandyday was quickly admitted, to be followed in order by Mannieday and Chutersday. It is about the next day of the week that the most acute dissension has arisen. The rival claims of Bevinsday and Bevansday for some time gave rise to heated argument, until the Prime Minister appeared to have settled the matter by allocating the sixth day of the week to the Minister of Health, as Nyeday. The day between became Erbsday without further discussion, but after this there was something in the nature of a deadlock. Few could deny the claim of the Prime Minister himself to Attleeday, but to the Chancellor of the Exchequer it seemed obvious that Staffordday was in every way more appropriate. In the end the Prime Minister was forced to give way, and the struggle has reverted to midweek. Nothing can now alter Mr. Attlee's resolution to convert Bevinsday to Clemsday, and the only point remaining to be decided is whether Erbsday shall or shall not be altered to Ernsday; hence the present state of tension between the Foreign Secretary and the Leader of the House.

The Opposition are watching proceedings with equanimity. They have decided not to oppose the Bill *in toto*, as the general idea commands their support. The Conservative Shadow Cabinet is not in a sufficiently decided state for alternative propositions to be made for every day of the week, but Sandyday at least will not be opposed, as it is felt that this could be altered to Sandysday at a later date by a mere Order in Council. Curiously enough the Opposition are in complete agreement about the day which has given rise to the greatest difficulty for the Government; and it now appears certain that Winniesday will take its place in the calendar immediately after the election of the next Conservative administration.





### TICKET OF LEAVE?

"And perhaps, gentlemen, I might possibly be of use to you sometime, somehow . . ."



*"I like to know she can manage him in case anything happens to me."*

### MY WEATHER STORY

"WRITE me a weather story," said the News Editor.

"What," I said, "again? There's nothing new."

He shut his eyes as one seeking spiritual balm in the contemplation of eternal verities.

"The Weather," intoned the News Editor, "Is Always News."

"But," I argued, "it's raining. It's been raining for a week. There is no new way of saying it's still

raining after a week of it. And besides——"

"It has been raining for a week," murmured the News Editor. "That is a good story. How much rain fell last night? How much rain has fallen in the past week? How much rain usually falls this month?"

I did not know.

"Exactly," said the News Editor. "Neither do our readers. Find out."

"And do you think the readers will care whether——"

"Write me a weather story," said the News Editor in tones calculated with great precision to make me write him a weather story. So I went away and rang up a helpful meteorologist.

As he poured a chill tide of millimetres into my left ear I grew enthusiastic. One hundred and seventy-eight millimetres since the beginning of the month, one hundred and sixty of them in the past week, thirty of them since this time yesterday. At this rate the month would soon have twice its quota of millimetres.

I wrote it well. I conjured up a vivid picture of weeping skies—weather stories such as this always conjure up, with their figures, a vivid picture. Not always, though, of weeping skies, which was an original touch that I liked. My story was a deluge of millimetres and told of a month that promised to swim into history. Already, I pointed out, it could safely be said that the rainfall this month might have been described as unprecedented, but for the fact that there had been months in the past when we had had more rain.

"Well, well," said the News Editor when I handed in the story. "That's quite a lot of millimetres. What is a millimetre?"

"It's a little thing about so long," I said, "found in the Metric System."

"What I mean is," said the News Editor patiently, "what is a millimetre to our readers?"

"It's a little thing about so long," I said, "found in——"

"Our readers do not know, or care, what millimetres are," he said. "To them, a millimetre is less than nothing."

"It is pretty small at that," I said. "But you're behind the times. Our modern educational system——"

"I want it in inches," said the News Editor.

So, after a good deal of fruitless research in the paper's library and a chance encounter with a copy boy who was able to tell me that there were 25.4 millimetres in the average

inch, I gave it to the News Editor in inches.

"Fine," he said. "This looks like building up into a story. All those inches of rain are a lot of water."

I agreed.

"Find out," he said, "how much water has fallen on the town. And while you're about it, you can tell us all about those other months you refer to. How much fell? When? Where? In how long? And it's getting near edition time."

The meteorologist was quite polite when I rang him again. One inch of rain, he told me, worked out at about 100 tons per acre and he hoped it would keep fine for me.

I worked it out. Our News Editor being what he is, I went further. I compared the weight of water—which was terrifyingly big—with what, after a chat on the telephone with the borough engineer, I worked out as the approximate weight of the Town Hall. I urged our readers to imagine themselves pelted with Town Hall. I told them of a few hours in 1917, when two-and-three-seventeenths Town Halls had fallen on defenceless Bruton, in Somerset. I scattered several departments of Town Hall over Preston in an eventful five minutes in 1843.

I handed the story in with pride.

The News Editor wanted it in gallons. A ton of water, he said, meant nothing to our readers.

So I gave it to him in gallons and reservoirs, being unable to express our Town Hall in liquid measure. He said it was fine, and passed it over to the Chief Sub.

When the next edition came out, there, on the front page, was my weather story.

"Nearly 1·2 inches of rain fell in the twenty-four hours ended 9 A.M. to-day," it said. "This brings the month's total to about seven inches." That was all. I showed it to the News Editor.

"Don't you think that should be headed 'Parturiunt montes'?" I asked. "Or perhaps, more aptly, 'Ridiculus mus'?"

He shook his head.

"Latin," said the News Editor, "means nothing to our readers."

## THE DROWNING TREE

IDEA,  
object,  
image,  
see:  
they interplay  
and live, all three  
resolve, dissolve, evolve to be  
incarnate in this drowning tree.

Not Niobe  
had she wept slow grief for years  
could weep such sad  
unsalted tears.  
Here the rain,  
with insane  
god-like frenzy, absolutely  
takes the wooden Danaë,

strikes, strokes  
direct, oblique, acutely,  
now slackening its silver fury,  
now tightening its cold mesh again.

Beauty half-naked  
and, so, shy

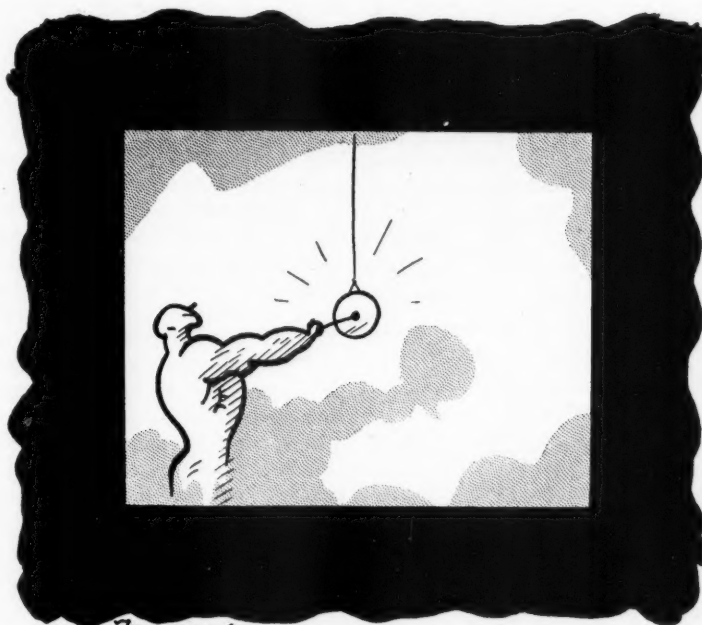
stands, her body half-awry  
between the river  
and the sky.

Did the gentle river love  
her mirrored image?  
See him turn  
his wild-horse-muscle-straining  
shoulder  
leaping past in unconcern.

Did the sky  
gaze on her with one vast blue  
heavenly Cyclopean eye?  
Now that innocence is hid  
by one grey-wrinkled crocodile-  
lid.

Beauty, is there no help by?  
Danaë, in silver Jove comes  
down  
and—  
but in ecstasy,  
O living ecstasy  
of love, of water-imprisoned light—  
you must drown.

R. C. SCRIVEN



"Yes, I heard they were cutting down expenses all round."



## HIGH BRASS I

The "Daily Herald" National Brass Band Championship

IF the decision were left to your Brass Band Correspondent all the bands competing to-day would be tied, winners, with the fifteen State trumpeters of the Life Guards as runners-up. Granted, two hundred guineas shared between four hundred and twenty-four bandsmen (and one bandgirl) would scarcely defray the cost of their metal polish, and to split the handsome Trophy seventeen ways would be nothing short of vandalism—but how in the name of Sousa are the three judges to reach a just verdict? Imprisoned for five hours in their neat little cream-coloured shed, hearing all but seeing nothing, ignorant of the ballot-order in which the contestants are appearing, increasingly conscious of their craving for a cup of tea and a bun, they can surely only be weighing the most scrupulous shades of excellence.

For in preliminary heats all over these islands four hundred and sixty-five bands have already been eliminated from the contest, and to-day's seventeen survivors are all area champions already; there is no splitting of top notes, no carelessness with turn-of-the-page key-changes; the most the judges can hope for is a faint roughness in the trombones, or a moment's over-dramatic *rubato* among the flügel-horns. In short, the seventeen renderings of John Ireland's



"Comedy" Overture have all seemed quite immaculate to your Correspondent, and in marking his programme with a private assessment he has had to rely on a certain rhythmic passage in the middle of the piece: bands going *Oom-pah! Oom-pah!* at this point have been awarded one hundred and ninety eight unofficial marks, while those going *Ah-oomp! Ah-oomp!* (a daring interpretational departure) have received one hundred and ninety-nine. A temptation to be influenced by the degree of instrument-sheen is hard to resist in these circumstances, and shows the wisdom of keeping the judges locked in a box.

The audience to-day is not quite the traditional Royal Albert Hall audience; it tends to eat sandwiches in the brief intervals between bands, and even to drink ginger-ale from the bottle—behaviour that would not find favour with Sir Thomas Beecham. The truth is that attention is not focused so much on the small group of current musicians as on an object beyond and above them, brilliantly spotlighted under a canopy of powder-blue—the Championship Challenge Trophy, or, as one might (and does) put it, The Cup. Before the day is over some proud conductor will hold it—if he is strong enough: it is a formidable piece of silversmithing—and will later be carried, still holding it, through the streets of his home town, in Scotland, perhaps, or the West Country, the Midlands, Wales or Tyneside. For most of these bands come from far away; they are composed of working-men—riveters, miners, welders—and their music affords them a joyous escape into beauty, just as their uniforms (which would have made the Congress of Vienna look like an insurance executives' convention) are a frank rebellion against the costume of the pit and the furnace.

All day the measureless caverns encircling the great building have been choked with bandsmen, and have echoed to brave optimistic chatter. Although the teeth of the

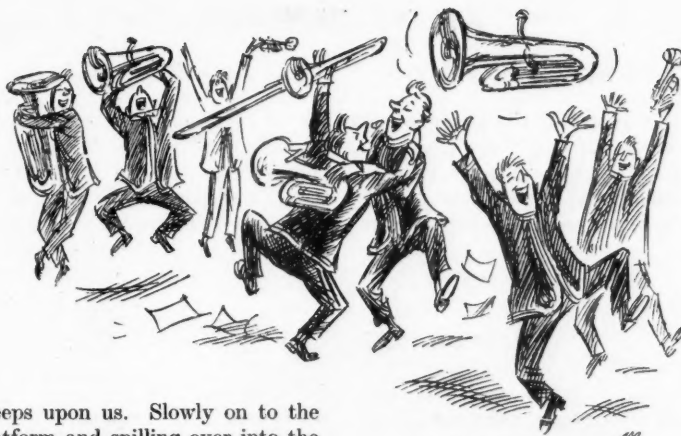


Hall's officials must be sore from shushing there still come from the bandrooms the furtive boomings of B-flat basses and the experimental raspings of trombones. And all day one band has been playing its honest heart out, while another has trembled in the wings and a third has lined up under the notice saying "Registration in order of instrumentation please!" There the stern officials have demanded specimen signatures for comparison with each man's signed band-card—a precaution against the felonious trick of ringing-in a professional or "ace" performer at the last moment. There are twenty-seven thousand names in the National Registry, mostly those of families in which "banding" is as hereditary as a surname, where son follows father down the remorseless avenue of slackening *embouchure* from giddy young cornet to laconic bass.

The conductor of a celebrated colliery band, interviewed at a slight disadvantage in the bandroom while still damp from his exertions and breaking off repeatedly to have his hand wrung by hot and venerating Geordie bandsmen, speaks with relaxed nostalgia of the many weeks of preparation for this day, the complex arrangements of shift-swapping so that the Cause should prosper without any impairment of

sacred Production, the long bike-rides in the rain, the unquenchable enthusiasm that has brought his men to rehearsal at all hours, often unwashed and unsuppered from the coal face. He confirms your Correspondent's suspicions that all bands to-day will "play a good band"; their musicianship will be impeccable, and the judges' decision will be reached purely on the conductor's interpretation of the test-piece. Conscious of this crushing responsibility, he seems to dwindle a little where he sits; then a giant in scarlet and a group-captain's hat comes up with one of those fierce, wordless handshakes and he perks up. Then he sags anew. "It's this waiting," he says, rumpling his moist, slate-grey hair.

But now there is not long to wait. Band number seventeen has uttered that familiar concluding *Ta-raaaa!* and retired from the stage. And while the judges deliberate fatefully in their wooden cell . . . suddenly a wonderful spectacle

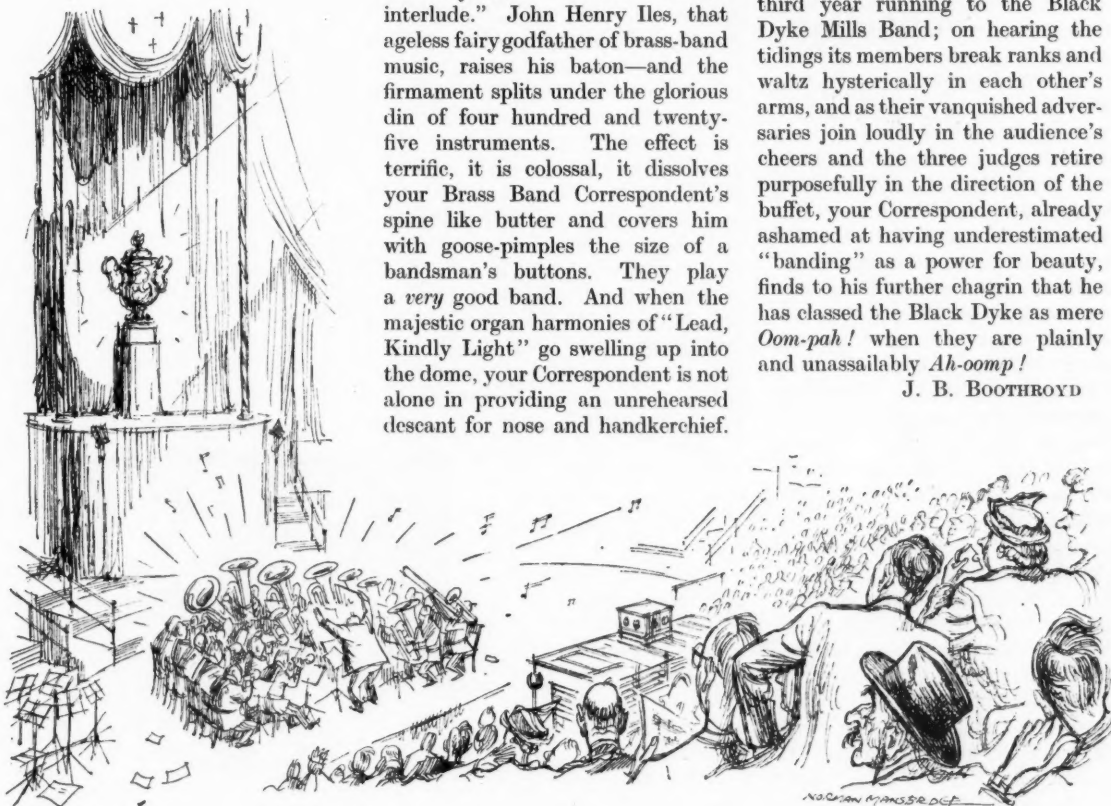


creeps upon us. Slowly on to the platform and spilling over into the tiers of seats flanking the arboured Cup, all the bands flow back, an ordered tide of colour, their instruments glittering silver in the flood-lights now poured down through the high, smokeless auditorium; rehearsed to a hair even in this, they take their places without a single ring of metal on metal, a veritable rampart of brass.

It is what the programme modestly calls "a short musical interlude." John Henry Iles, that ageless fairy godfather of brass-band music, raises his baton—and the firmament splits under the glorious din of four hundred and twenty-five instruments. The effect is terrific, it is colossal, it dissolves your Brass Band Correspondent's spine like butter and covers him with goose-pimples the size of a bandsman's buttons. They play a *very* good band. And when the majestic organ harmonies of "Lead, Kindly Light" go swelling up into the dome, your Correspondent is not alone in providing an unrehearsed descant for nose and handkerchief.

Soon it is all over. To denote the imminence of the judges' announcement the trumpeters of the Life Guards raise their bannered trumpets (is there a huge, faint sigh of envy at these gorgeous trappings?) and play a silvery fanfare which seems a mere bleat among the rich echoes . . . And the highest honour in brass-band music goes for the third year running to the Black Dyke Mills Band; on hearing the tidings its members break ranks and waltz hysterically in each other's arms, and as their vanquished adversaries join loudly in the audience's cheers and the three judges retire purposefully in the direction of the buffet, your Correspondent, already ashamed at having underestimated "banding" as a power for beauty, finds to his further chagrin that he has classed the Black Dyke as mere *Oom-pah!* when they are plainly and unassailably *Ah-oomp!*

J. B. BOOTHROYD



## AT THE PICTURES

*Prince of Foxes—L'Aigle A Deux Têtes*

THE posters in the Underground credit *Prince of Foxes* (Director: HENRY KING) with the Seven Cinematic Wonders of the World. Unless you see the posters before

the title, has never been more himself. ORSON WELLES makes of "Duke Cesare" a real Borgia bull, though in his anxiety to instil more humanity into the part than the

script offers he sometimes speaks his lines with that curious intonation used by certain Shakespearian actors when they do not understand their lines but are determined that they shall sound impressive.

to the point of madness, is played by EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE with a skill and integrity beyond praise. In a lesser performance, the constant changes of mood, of personality even, that afflict the *Queen* could easily prompt an audience to the thought that no real woman could ever act that way; and possibly no real woman could; but the character realized by Mlle. FEUILLÈRE can and does to our complete conviction. JEAN MARAIS, however, as the poet-anarchist who enters the palace to assassinate the *Queen* and remains as her lover, never convinces at all. In his performance there is little either of poet or fanatic; you would place him as a Hitlerjugend leader holidaying in Bavaria. Consequently he never gains our sympathy; a weak man's weakness can be a proper focus for pity, but a strong man being wantonly weak claims only our contempt.

\* \* \* \*

You do not

expect to be made to think by a *Prince of Foxes*; but JEAN COCTEAU'S *L'Aigle A Deux Têtes* (directed by

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among this week's general releases is *Give Us This Day* (9/11/49), an impressive and serious film in spite of its tendency to longwindedness. Less serious and more exciting is *Slattery's Hurricane*, a flying piece with Richard Widmark as a sour but ultimately heroic pilot.

Progressively more escapist are *The Secret Garden* (12/10/49), a film version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel that you may like better than you expect; and, at the end of the scale, *Red, Hot and Blue* (2/11/49), the kind of gay, rowdy affair you look for in a Betty Hutton picture. B. A. YOUNG

the picture you may overlook them; even if you don't it may only be to remark that two Wonders are the same episode under different titles. The fact is, alas, that, in spite of the authentic gorgeousness of the genuine Italian backgrounds, this pretentious chapter of pseudo-history never rises above the merely spectacular, hovers mostly around the conventionally banal, and descends once, in the scene where TYRONE POWER nearly has his eyes gouged out at a Borgia banquet, to the unpardonably crude. FELIX AYLMER gives a lovely performance as the septuagenarian ruler of Città di Monte, a kingdom the size and shape of San Marino, which is one of Cesare Borgia's objectives; but the other characters, with the exception of a palace guard who inexplicably breaks into Italian when excited, are unmistakably Americans in costume, and in particular TYRONE POWER as *Andrea Orsini*, the fox of

the author) should have something more to offer than entertainment. I did not see the London production of COCTEAU'S play; it may be that on the stage its philosophy, which I take to be the sombre doctrine that only in death is man's destiny truly fulfilled, emerged more clearly. The film is a beautiful and moving example of Ruritanian romance, but somehow—perhaps just because it is so effective dramatically—any deeper message it may have seems to go off at half-cock. "Je crains que notre mélange n'est pas assez explosif," says one of the characters; and his remark will serve as a judgment on more than the *Baron de Foehn's* plot against the *Queen*.

The *Queen*, early widowed and eccentric



[The Prince of Foxes]

Front-de-Bœuf  
Cesare Borgia—ORSON WELLES



[L'Aigle A Deux Têtes]

## Two Headaches

La Reine—EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE  
Stanislas—JEAN MARAIS



## THE MAN IN THE CINEMA QUEUE

THE man looked across the woman, in the direction of the queue at the other door. "We ought to have gone in the one-and-threes," he said, as much to himself as to her. "It's a shorter queue."

"They won't get in any earlier," she assured him. "They'll keep them standing outside long enough for them to throw their hands in and go in the one-and-nines."

The magic casements opened and the attendant came out and stood on the steps. "Nine singles," he called out, in a voice of suffering yet forbearance. A depressed-looking woman at the front of the queue went in.

"Eight singles," the attendant commented, loudly and more aggressively this time.

Husbands down the queue shrugged their shoulders, and detached themselves from the sides of their wives. Beardless boys loosed their girls' hands from their arms. There was a general movement in the direction of the steps.

"I said eight, not eighty," the attendant observed, offensively.

"I can never understand," said the man, "how it is people go to the pictures together, yet when they come out they never leave double seats."

The woman seemed to give her mind to the problem. "The women stop and see bits round again, I expect," she suggested.

The man countered, "You don't."

"It isn't because I don't want to," she informed him, in the tone of one who wants to get the thing clear. "There's often little bits that I'd like to see round again."

The man abandoned the argument. "They might just lose each other in the dark," he said.

"Three more singles," the attendant called out.

"Let's give it up if you like," the woman offered. "We could come on Monday. What's on then?"

"I don't know. 'A Bus Called Something'."

"Silly, that's a play," she corrected him. "They haven't made a picture out of it yet."

"They will," said the man, with resignation. "They will."

"There's bound to be a lot come out when the big picture's over, anyway," said the woman. "Go inside and see what time it finishes."

"Where does that chap think he's going?" someone inquired of everyone else.

"Don't know. Looks as if he's going in."

"Who's he supposed to be when he's at home?"

"Did he come from the back of the queue?"

"He was standing there with the woman in the red hat."

"You mean he's leaving her outside?"

"I expect he's going in the three-and-sixes."

"He ought to take the woman in with him, anyway."

"Whoever she is."

"Blooming tradesmen. They've got all the money nowadays."

The man came back in a minute or two. "Only a quarter of an hour," he said. "But we've got to move. We turn out to be in the one-and-threes."



## AN ORGAN OF PUBLIC OPINION

"EXCUSE me, sir," said the man in the belted raincoat and beret, "would you mind telling me how you would vote if the General Election were being held to-day?" He licked the point of his pencil and looked up into the eyes of the Regular Customer.

The regular customer took a pull at his tankard and several shorter tugs at his right ear before replying. "Why," he said, "by puttin' a cross side of the name of the chap I . . . I was goin' to say like *best*, but there's such a thing as the ballot-box, isn't there? By putting a cross side of the name of *one* of the chaps. How's that?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said the investigator, smiling benignly. "I mean which political *party* would you vote for?"

"To-day, eh?" said the regular customer as he rubbed his left eye slowly with his knuckle.

"That's right—to-day," said the investigator.

"Bit late though, isn't it," said the regular customer, drawing his watch from a waistcoat pocket and studying it at arm's length. "Booths would be closed up by now, wouldn't they?"

"Well, suppose you'd voted this morning, bright and early," said the investigator.

"Ah, then you mean, 'ow 'ave I voted, not 'ow *shall* I vote," said the regular customer.

"All right—how should you have voted," said the investigator. He licked his pencil again.

"What kind of a choice did I 'ave?"

"Look, sir, I'm sorry I troubled you," said the investigator. "It isn't really fair to take up so much of your spare time. I'll be——"

"No trouble at *all*," said the regular customer. "In fact it's all very interestin'. Carry on."

"Well, let's say there are three candidates—Liberal, Socialist and Tory. Which would you vote for?"

"Which would you?"

"I'm asking *you*, sir."

"An' I'm asking you. Fair's fair."

"I'm independent, neutral."

"'Aven't the courage of your confections, eh?"

"It's not that. Now, sir, *how* would you vote?"

"Well, I should 'ave to think, shouldn't I?"

"That's right—Liberal, Socialist, Tory?" said the investigator in a voice entirely devoid of enthusiasm.

"Who's the Socialist chap?"

"What chap?"

"The chap puttin' up, 'course!"

"Does that matter? Can't you give me a rough idea of your preference?"

"I can't very well vote for a chap I don't know nothin' about; now can I?"

"I mean which *party* would you support?"

"Not knowin' what they're proposin' to do, I can't say."

"But you know what they've done, their general principles——"

"I knows what they 'aven't done," said the regular customer.

"Thank you, sir. I'll put you down as 'Don't know.' Thank you very much. Good night!"

"Hey, come back! Don't know what?"

"Which party to vote for," said the investigator wearily.

"Who don't?"

"Well, sir, you said yourself——"

"I said nothin' of the sort. I knows 'ow to use me 'ard-earned vote, me lad. You'll scratch that 'Don't know' out."

"With pleasure, sir, if you'll give me a definite answer."

"Ask me a def'nite question and you'll get a def'nite answer," said the regular customer, tapping the investigator on the chest with his pint.

"Would you vote for the Tories, the Conservatives?"

"Not much choice there, is there? But if I've got to take me pick I'll 'ave the Conservatives."

The investigator's eyes rolled in anguish. He flicked a tick at his pad. "Thank you, sir," he said. "I'm much obliged. Good night."

"'Arf a sec.," said the regular customer, grabbing at the investigator's raincoat. "You 'aven't asked me yet about the Liberals."

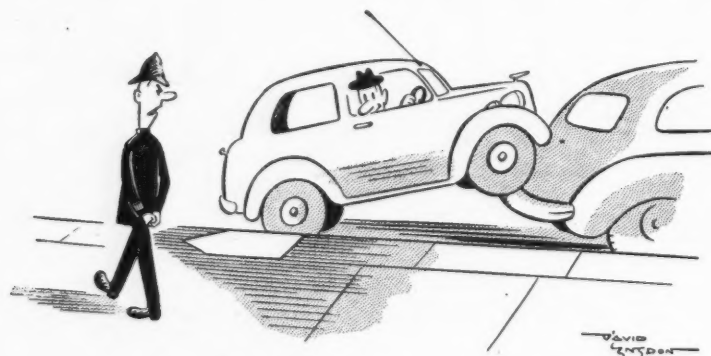
"Some other time, sir. That's quite enough for the moment. I must be pushing." He broke free and walked rapidly out of the saloon.

"Sim'lar, Charlie," said the regular customer.

When the barman returned with the beer he found the regular customer chuckling softly, shaking his head slowly to and fro an inch or two above the counter. "What's the big joke, Bert?" he said.

"That young chap in 'ere just now," said the regular customer. "'E's gone away with me vote, an' 'e's forgotten to take me name. 'E won't 'arf be kickin' 'isself. I reckon 'e'll be back in a bit."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



"Yes, all right, fair's fair—you're just in."

"COLDEST BATH NIGHT FOR FIVE MONTHS"

Headline in West Country paper  
We had one that night, too.

# NOTE OF UTTER BEWILDERMENT

*Longman*



*The Briton is always at great pains to keep up the pretence that he is a perfect rabbit at golf—*



*—that he is completely useless at tennis—*



*—and, in every respect, quite, quite hopeless at cricket.*



*He always vehemently denies any capacity for making speeches—*



*—he is for ever swearing that he can't hit a haystack—*



*—and he never admits that he has any singing voice whatever.*



*He assures everybody that he can't play billiards for nuts—*



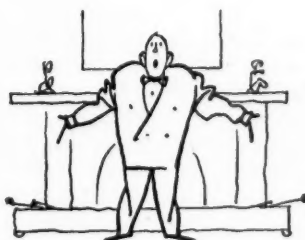
*—that he can't play bridge for toffee—*



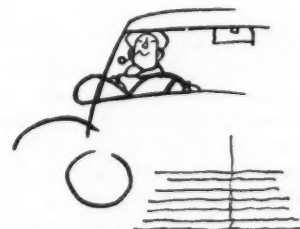
*—and that he can't play the piano to save his life.*



*He repeats in season and out of season the fiction that he has no head for figures—*



*—and he always contends loudly and clearly that he's got a memory exactly like a sieve, but—*



*—have you ever heard him give the slightest hint that he isn't absolutely satisfied with the way he drives a car?*





"As the threats of invasion have been causing a serious interruption to trade, William has just announced that it definitely won't take place until 1066."

### THE FATAL DOGGER-ON

THE average run-of-the-mine steel furnace is a kind of long box with a dirty brick outside. It has a few holes in one of the long sides, through which things are poked into it in a bucket, called a peel, at the end of a long pole; and on the opposite side is a little hole, low down, out of which the steel runs when it is ready.

The whole contraption, situated in a long row with other similar contraptions, is ministered to by a gang of healthy and usually cheerful men, headed by the First Hand, with his able lieutenant the Second Hand in support, and so on down to the Fourth or Fifth Hand or whatever it may be. And tagged on to this brawny band of brothers is a shadowy figure known in some steelworking districts as the Dogger-On.

The Dogger-On may be an ancient steelworker, a lad with his steel-working before him, or, occasionally, a Hand (Third, Second or even First) fallen from grace through some misdemeanour such as getting the furnace so hot that the roof falls in, or letting the steel boil up so that it rolls across the door-sills and over the furnace-stage, whence it is only chipped with much labour and hard language.

A First Hand so flung out from his state of bliss usually does not Dogger-On for long. He works his way up again, through the various stages, back to his former eminence. All it means for him is a few weeks going slow on the beer and cigarettes. The hierarchy of the furnace-stage is continually changing in this way.

But there are those unhappy souls who live in an almost perpetual state of Dogger-On. It is their lot to toil through life, doing those awkward and uncomfortable jobs that Hands from Fifth to First like to avoid doing. They may well, and often do, become embittered; and it is for this reason that I have selected one of them for the rôle of villain in my opera, *The Fatal Dogger-On*. This opera, now nearly completed, shows the influence of the modern Russian school; it was, in fact, the recent accounts of a Soviet opera based on the visit of the Dynamo football-team to Britain that finally precipitated its composition.

The opera is highly topical, being set in a steel-works on the eve of nationalization. The hero is of course the First Hand; the glorious ideals of this fervent and solid-headed hero cast a glowing proletarian radiance over the whole conception. He is ready at any moment to march shoulder to shoulder with anybody in any direction, the light of the Future, Freedom, or any other convenient light, in his eyes. He is backed up in this by a lusty male-voice quartet, Second to Fifth Hands, who are always available to leap about in the background, waving tongs and things and chanting spirited choruses, while the First Hand discusses union matters in his lusty tenor with the pretty soprano lady-sweeper. This latter slave of capitalist-imperialist oppression is burning with the desire to join the furnace-gang when the enlightened State takes over;

and apart from this motive, which she explains in a long aria in the first act and a longer aria in the second, she has little place in the opera and is frankly introduced to provide some relief to the male voices.

As for the Dogger-On, this villainous character realizes that in the Socialist Paradise his natural inefficiency may well lead to his liquidation. He decides therefore to thwart, if he can, the nationalization project. He explains, in a vitally significant aria in the first act, that the reason the State intends to take over the steelworks is that they are making money. If they can be made to lose money instead, the State will no longer be interested. The Dogger-On fills his peel with empty beer-bottles instead of scrap-iron, smashes the temperature-recording apparatus with a sledge-hammer and prods at the furnace roof with a long iron bar when the others' backs are turned. All this is accompanied by the most magnificent crypto-Fascist vituperations in a booming bass.

This part of the action is of course symbolical. It is made clear to the audience that the Dogger-On's plot is only part of the gigantic nation-wide conspiracy of the Boss Classes against the People. At the end of the second act the Dogger-On, alone on the stage after the shift has gone home for the week-end, is presented by the Works Manager in recognition of his efforts with a block of shares in the company and a certificate of honorary membership of the Tory Party.

The situation is grave. It is confidently expected that the audience will spend the second interval gnawing their cloth caps in anxiety to see the dénouement.

In the third act the forces of evil appear at first to have triumphed. The Dogger-On's attacks on the roof are finally successful; it caves in, whereon the First Hand is publicly unfrocked of his apron and scarf in the presence of visiting Ministry of Supply officials and Trades Union representatives. But at this moment in dashes the soprano lady-sweeper, who has seen the Dogger-On's machinations from the casting-floor below. It is her word against the Dogger-On's, but they take hers—this is, after all, opera. The First Hand is ceremonially reinstated. The Works Manager falls to the stage and dies. The soprano lady-sweeper swoons into the First Hand's arms. The Dogger-On, with a despairing shriek, leaps over the back of the stage into a pot of molten steel. Steelworkers flock in from all sides for a final rousing chorus. The curtain falls.

But, you may ask, are the steelworks nationalized or are they not? Is the audience to go out into the night, still in doubt?

To this latter question the answer is, at the moment, yes.

R. P. LISTER

## NOVEMBER IN THE FIELDS

O TRAPPIST winter, near-approaching now  
Must this autumnal sound die with the rest—  
This clear twittering across bare plough,  
Tiny prevision of some not impossible nest?

F. C. C.

## COMPLAINT

*Typewriter Specialists Ltd., Key Lane, London, E.C.4.*

DEAR SIRs,—Dose your firm guarantee the typewriters you sell? I have only had this one fro tow months and I am far from satisfied.

The trouble occurs in fist and starts, and once it has begun nothing curse it. There appears to be on accounting for it: the only lead I can give you is that it is trouble-free when I type slowly, but the minuet I go a bit fats it lest me down.

For em, what ever angel I look ta it from, the purchase has been a bad one and I ma most disappointed. You are a Wets End firm of some repute and if this is the bets you can do then you have no reason to boats.

I would like a mechanic to come at once please, and if you have a polo of sparse he had better bring a machine with him for I cannot exits without a typewriter if this one has to go back to your works. I am prepared to sing for a borrowed one of course, but if the blighter who sold me this one appears I warn you I shall chase him out of the house with my gnu.

Yours faithfully,

C. LINO



"It's only a reproduction, of course."

## THANK YOU, AMERICA

(For Thursday, 24th November, 1949)

**T**HANK you, America, on this your Thanksgiving Day,

Thank you from England for the things you've given us,  
Washington at Valley Forge and Lincoln at Gettysburg  
And the line of great Presidents who've lived in  
your White House.

We like the gallant phrases that declared your independence.

We bear you no grudge for the Boston cup of tea  
Nor for lessons that you taught us at Bunker's Hill and Lexington,

That helped us build a Commonwealth, stronger yet more free.

We are grateful for your writers, for Longfellow and Whitman,

For the sea-yarns of Melville and the laughter of Mark Twain,

For the four little women of Louisa Alcott  
And the two little river-boys Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

We reserve our judgment on your films that come from Hollywood,

We're not exactly stuck on your gangsters and their molls;

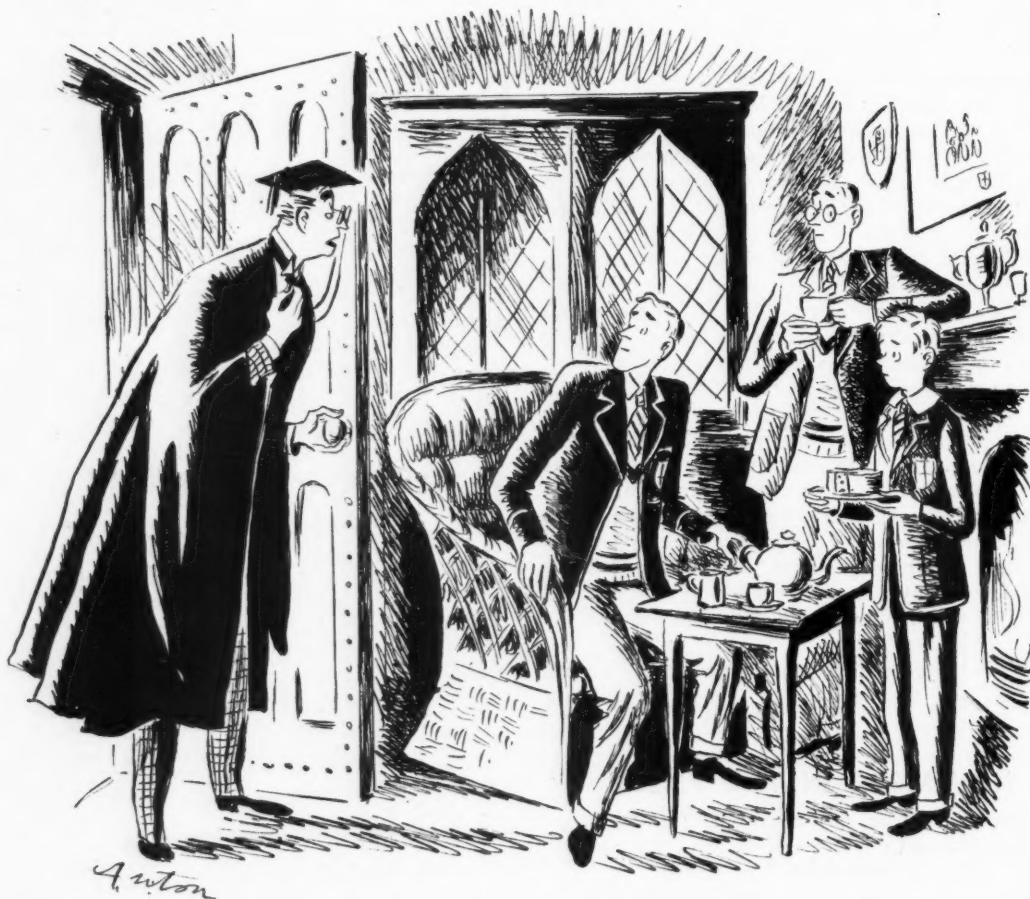
But we give you a big hand for Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck

And for Indians and cowboys on the Wild West trails.

Thank you for Lend-Lease, Marshall Aid, and parcels

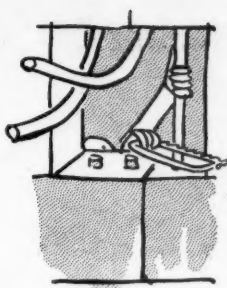
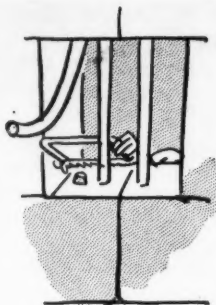
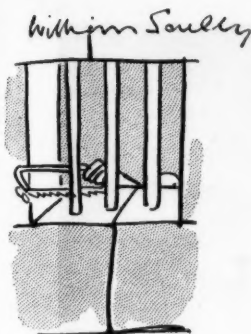
Packed by loving hands, for your doughboys and G.I.s;

And, oh, say can we remember how in '17 and '41  
Your eagle, come to help us, circled in King George's skies?



*"Er—my wife and I are giving a little supper-party. We were wondering if we could borrow your sag?"*





### THE FACE

**S**YMPSON'S Election Address sub-committee has been sitting on his face, or rather the picture of his face which is designed to endear him to eighty thousand electors in January or June or whenever the election comes. In the past Sympson has never worried much about his face, which has satisfied himself and has not seemed particularly to annoy other people. He has never regarded it as anything very special in the way of faces, but he has felt no cause to be ashamed of it. Barmen to whom he is known have glanced at it without apparent horror for years, murmured "The usual, I suppose, Mr. Sympson?" and gone on with their work. There has been no question of them clapping their hands to their foreheads, uttering wild cries, and sinking to the floor in agony.

For all the ordinary purposes of life it has, in short, been an adequate face; so when Sympson was instructed to produce a photograph for his Election Address he blithely dug out half a dozen and submitted them to the sub-committee.

It was Putnam, the Hon. Treasurer, who objected to the first one.

"It makes you look too young," he said: "it has a callow look. Voters will argue that you can't have had much experience of life at so early an age."

Sympson produced another.

"Too wistful and appealing," said Masher, the Hon. Secretary. "You won't get votes by looking wistful and appealing. East Redington voters like strong masterful

characters who sweep them off their feet."

Masher and Putnam were satisfied with the next one, but Alderman Pott, the Chairman, said that it would not do at all.

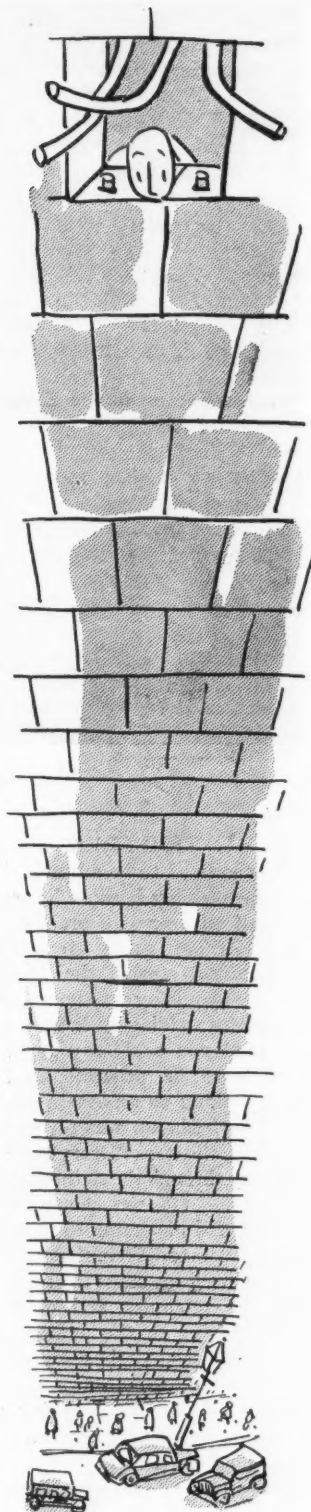
"It is certainly mature and masterful," he admitted, "but the jaw protrudes too far. It is the face, if you don't mind my saying so, of a Dictator. We shall want to use it for posters as well as for the Election Address, and if we stuck that up all round the Division I know exactly what would happen. The enemy would go round in the dead of night and add a little moustache and write 'Heil Sympson!' in big letters underneath the portrait. We want one that looks masterful without looking bullying."

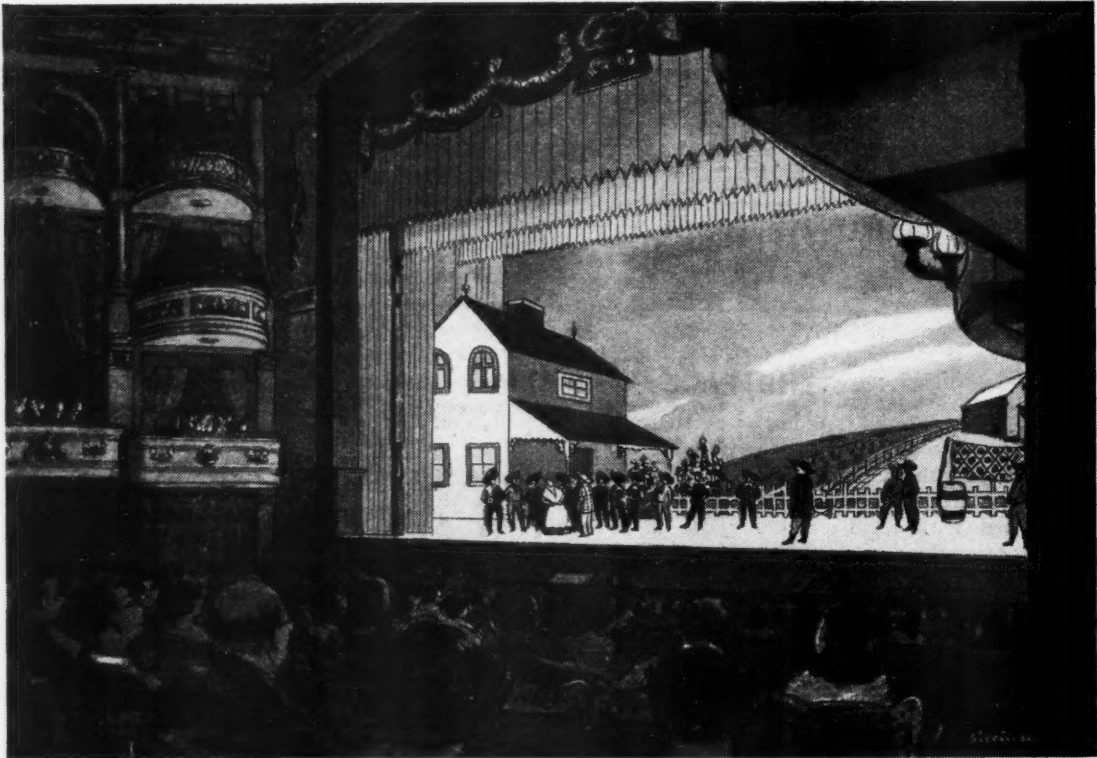
According to the committee all the other photographs that Sympson produced had some fatal defect of expression. One was sly, another pompous, another nervous, a fourth senile and a fifth supercilious. So the committee collected together the election addresses of a score or so of candidates who had put up for various constituencies in the 1945 election, to let Sympson see the sort of thing that was wanted.

He was interested to observe that all the pictures were extraordinarily alike, whether Labour, Liberal, or Conservative. They were all rather blurred, completely expressionless, and with the sort of eyes associated with fish that have been waiting rather too long on the slab.

So that's why Sympson is having a portrait taken specially for his Address.

D. H. BARBER



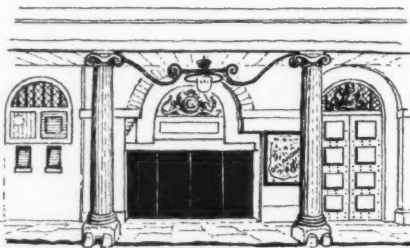


### THE LANE

A BAD-TEMPERED Irishman, who lived to be a hundred and seven—possibly because he washed himself all over with brandy every night before going to sleep in his clothes—started the American theatre by poking out another man's eye with a walking-stick, in London. At least you could say so, if you wished to be pedantic, and were talking to an American.

The Irishman was Charles Macklin, the star of Drury Lane halfway through the eighteenth century. (It was he who, having tied his acting to three fixed pauses of differing lengths, rushed from the stage to knock out the prompter and came back roaring to the audience that "the scoundrel prompted me in the middle of my Grand Pause!" and who, breaking with tradition by playing Shylock horribly, robbed George the Second of his sleep.) In the Green Room one day he and another actor, Thomas

Hallam, quarrelled violently about a wig, and poor Hallam was killed. Somehow Macklin got away with it, but when he returned to Drury Lane Hallam's brother, understandably alarmed, formed a small company of his own, sailed from Bristol, and in a barn at Boston gave the first professional performance on the other



side. Since America has arrived there full-circle with the all-conquering *Oklahoma!* the Green Room seems as good a point as any for embarking on the fantastic story of the Lane; it is still the holy of

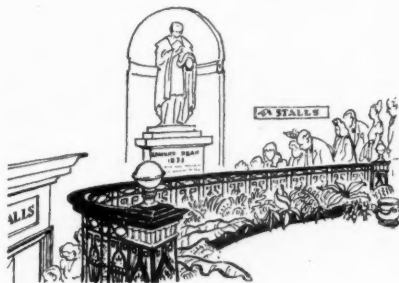
holies and, though sadly messed about by the Victorians, is still the same room where Sheridan was locked up with a plate of anchovy sandwiches and two bottles of claret until he had finished *The Critic*.

The Lane began with the Charter extracted by Killigrew from Charles the Second directly he got back from France. Mr. W. MacQueen Pope, whose family has been connected with this theatre ever since his ancestress, Jane Pope, created the part of *Mrs. Candour* in *The School for Scandal*, very kindly arranged for us to see the original duplicate of the Charter.\* About the size of a small bath-towel, and carrying Charles's own seal, this is an entrancing document. It not only gives the first permission for women to appear, and speaks of "His

\* His "Theatre Royal, Drury Lane" (W. H. Allen, 17/6), is highly recommended to the student.

Majesty's Company of Comedians" (which the modern company, entitled to wear livery, still is), but among other delightful things it says: "No new play shall be acted by either of the said companies containing any passages offensive to piety and good manners nor any old or revised play containing any such offensive and scandalous passages as aforesaid until the same shall be corrected and purged by the said Masters and Governors." When we remember that these were the words that ushered in the drama of the Restoration, we can only bow our heads.

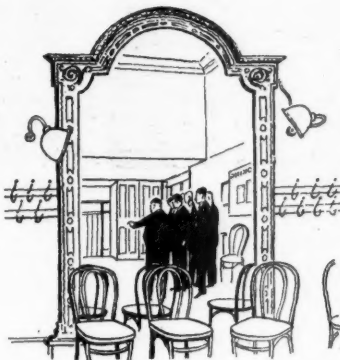
Almost exactly the size of the present stage, and boasting the first Royal Box, the theatre opened in 1663. Nine years later it went up in flames. Wren built the second, a beauty with an apron-stage, that lasted from 1674 until it was demolished to give place to Holland's much bigger theatre of 1796. This also was burned, in 1809 (Sheridan, wretchedly watching from the Piazza Coffee House: "May not a man be allowed to drink a glass of wine by his own fireside?"), and the fourth theatre, designed by Wyatt with the playhouse at Bordeaux in mind, opened in 1812. There is no need to praise its solid grace, for it is the one we know. Later on, the colonnade from the Quadrant in Regent's Street was added, the auditorium was revised in 1921, and a bomb came in 1940 in search of Ensa, quartered within; but Wyatt's design is still triumphant. One could wish that the Guards continued on duty in scarlet to add their reminder that this is Theatre Royal. They were called in 1755 to quell an anti-French riot, and afterwards came every night, just as to the Bank of England, until 1895.



While Mr. MacQueen Pope took us on the Grand Tour, during which we stumbled frequently on Wren's masonry, he told us about the ghost. For two centuries people have been seeing this unusually well-attested spook—described invariably as a man in the dress of the early eighteenth century, with a sword and high boots. Appearing only in the day-time, he walks across the upper circle, from what is now the bar, and through a wall in an office on the far side. Matinée visitors often ask the name of the actor who has just gone past in the funny clothes. Mr. MacQueen Pope last saw him two months ago.

"Murder?" we inquired, peering anxiously over the empties.

"Workmen found a hollow wall just over there," he told us, "and



behind it a skeleton with a dagger in its ribs. The records show nothing. My own guess is a young fellow up from the country with a bit of money, who made eyes at somebody's girl."

But the whole place is so soaked in live drama that nothing would be surprising. We stood in the Royal Box, in earlier editions of which George the Second had stammered to the audience the news of Culloden and his son had been missed at close range by the madman Hadfield. We looked in the Rotunda at the notices, "King's Side" on the left and "Prince's Side" on the right, that were hastily erected after Prinny had had his ears boxed there, and a



very good thing too, by his father. We saw the gap in the back wall, canvassed over, where rain turned to smoky failure Garrick's ambition, unnecessary at the Lane, for a real fire. Indeed we saw everything in this venerable playhouse, which paints its own scenery and

makes its own sets, and where there is scarcely an unhistoric corner.

Here—and it is a solemn thought—were the first nights of classic after classic. Here, in 1702, was the first panto, *The Tavern Bilkers*, forerunner of a prime Lane tradition; and here were devised those vast spectacles, preposterous but strangely winning with their waterfalls, their crashing trains and sinking liners, that we inherited from the Victorians.

And the people! Standing on the empty stage that, behind the backdrop, is like a cathedral in its high and shadowed immensity, we pondered on all the mighty men and women who had passed through the Lane to the glory of the English theatre. Hardly a name is missing. Nell Gwyn, Dryden, Congreve, Kean, Garrick, Siddons, and, on the management side, Gus (Druriolanus) Harris—but the roll would greatly overrun the page.

I decided that of the legion of the Lane's eccentrics I warmed most to Alexander Pope (not the poet), Jane's nephew, who tore Kean from a ducal dinner-party because the *fricandeau* had been cut with a steel knife, and who, after the War of Independence, failed to understand how we could make peace with a country that dressed its salad without oil. And of all the endearing incidents that have happened at the Lane, I liked best the prompter's note to Garrick: "Stone, to Mr. Garrick—Sir, The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the Bear and swears Damn his eyes if he'll play to-night. I am Yours, W. Stone." ERIC KEOWN





"A plague on these new double-deckers . . . !"

### THE WAY ONE COMES

WHEN the door opened we said "It *is* you, isn't it?" and they said it was. They also said "Have you got here? Did you find your way?" We said we had, and that we did.

The opening brilliance of our conversation did not stop there. In fact it never flagged at all. Leading the way in, Charles went on: "Did you find the fork I told you about in Spinbury?"

His wife, Kate, said he meant that bit which didn't really look like a fork at all: it looked more like a road going straight on. I said I thought that in Spinbury we *had* gone straight on.

"Ah!" said Charles, "that's very much what one does think."

"Lots of people," said Kate, "don't even notice there's any alternative to the fork. Spinbury is going to be terrifically replanned," she said.

Edward, a deliberate character, had been conscientiously casting back his mind. Now he said "Ye-e-es. On the whole we took your fork in Spinbury: but I agree it's most inadequately marked."

Charles registered a soupçon of offence. "I wouldn't say it's inadequately *marked*. It puts Postgate and Chippinghole; which, after all, is fair enough."

"Still, one isn't on the *qui vive* for Chippinghole," said Edward, "if one is—as one was—concentrating on Winkle Bottom."

"But you couldn't expect Winkle Bottom on a signpost!" cried Kate, with a gale of golden laughter. "It's a sort of nothing, if you know what I mean—an old English tumulus and six ancient trees."

"But," I said, "Winkle Bottom was what you went on and on about."

"No, no," said Charles, "no. I said you left it on your left. That was all I said—indeed, all anybody *could* say—about Winkle Bottom."

"And then," Kate went on, "you did find where it says 'Honey' on the bungalow and you go right and then left in a sort of squiggle?"

"Not honey," I said.

"We turned right," said Edward, "but it didn't say 'Honey.'"

"You couldn't go right anywhere *except* where it says 'Honey,'" said Kate, "or you would have gone wrong. It says 'Honey' in rather Gothic lettering on a board. The bungalow is a sort of mauvey cementy-ish sort of colour, and it has the most glorious chrysanthemums—"

"It said 'Puppies,'" exclaimed Edward, with a feat of memory. I agreed that it had.

"Simply, in chalk, on a sort of brown cardboard—quite temporary—and those aren't chrysanthemums, Kate; wonderful double dahlias—"

"Could it be the honey one if it said 'Puppies'?" Kate asked Charles. "What *can* they have done?"

"But we did turn right," I said.

"And left," said Edward.

"There is no human habitation," Charles said impressively, "between Spinbury and Postgate, except the honey bungalow."

"And a pylon," said Kate.

"Now I *really* come to think," I said, "it wasn't *really* a bungalow, because of those two little dormer windows higher up somewhere—"

"It doesn't exist," said Charles, "and there is no other turn to the right in that whole stretch of main road."

"Yes, there is," I said, "because you told me not to take any notice of one turn to the right, so there must be the one we didn't take any notice of."

"One could hardly call Valentine's Dyke a *turn* to the right," said Charles, "or even a turn to the *right*—it ends in a rubbish dump."

"Still, we could only discover that," said Edward, "by taking the turn."

"That's why I told you not to," said Charles.

The atmosphere was growing tense: yet not unenjoyably so. Charles lit a cigarette and drew his chair forward.

"Now," he said, "at this non-existent semi-bungalow you turned, as directed, right and then left, in—as Kate has explained—a sort of squiggle—"

"No!" I said. "*Not* in a squiggle. Right—then zoom along a bit—then left."

"Right—then *zoom*?" exclaimed Charles. He was nonplussed: and took time to consider.

"And then, and then," Kate cried with mounting excitement, "a bit of a curving scoop downwards with millions of hen-houses on wheels in the field on the left—"

"No," I cried, rising to my feet, "a gradient of one in six upwards, and then a terrific view with a telephone kiosk in the foreground—"

"What!" shouted Charles. "Good heavens! That's the road to Little Preston Giddy. I say: how did you get there? It's that fork in Spinbury: you can't have taken it. I say," said Charles, "where did you turn back?"

"We never turned back," said Edward, a trifle heroically.

"Little Preston Giddy," said Charles, with controlled tension, "is a dead end."

"I don't think we ever went to Little Preston Giddy," I said (in case there were a Little Preston Steady, through which we might

inadvertently have sped); "we just drove here."

"No," said Charles, dismissing this statement. "You can't have got *here* from *there*. It is," he said, "a physical impossibility."

You might imagine this must be the final comment. Certainly no reply was obvious: and none was made. Charles poured us each out a drink. Though he looked at one with a rather queer, remote, opaque look, I could see that he was preparing to enjoy the evening immensely. He lost not a moment in hurrying off to fetch a map: nor we in settling down on the floor, leaving a suitable space for it in the middle.

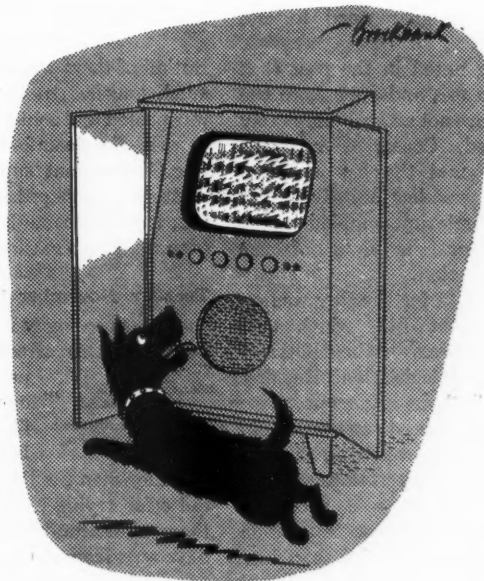
"I'm so glad," Kate said, absently filling in the time, "that you got here all right. You must ask Charles to explain the way back."

Then I knew the evening was made.

2 2

#### For Your Civil Defence Notebook

"Professor F. S. C. Northrop of Yale University warned in a lecture in Melbourne, Australia, recently that the atomic bomb would be more deadly in a future war because it would be panushed from guns and not drodded from 'planes.'"  
"Sudan Star"



"He always knows our car."



## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, November 14th

Mr. STRACHEY, the Food Minister, did not trouble to put on a long grey beard or red cloak as he entered the House of Commons, but it was plain that he had something in his Christmas bag. When the time came, he rose and announced that there would be fair supplies of turkeys "and other poultry," more wines and spirits (except dollar-precious whisky), mincemeat, candied peel and so on, for Christmas. There would also be six ounces more sweets in the Festive Month, together with a little more cooking-fat.

The Minister mentioned tentatively that this was a "short list" of concessions, and the Opposition obligingly cheered, giving Mr. STRACHEY the opportunity he sought to add, with artful casualness, that the tea and bacon rations were to go up—not for Christmas only but (more or less) for good. At least, the half-ounce rise in tea was permanent. That in bacon—also half an ounce—could not be guaranteed to last indefinitely.

Having noted in the past that ration increases and appeals to the electorate are not always completely unconnected, Conservative M.P.s seemed to find the list amusing. But (for a wonder) nobody asked, by way of relevant supplementary question, for the date of the General Election.

The debate for the day was on the Parliament Bill, which cuts down the powers of the House of Lords to delay legislation. But first there was a long argument as to whether the proceedings on the Bill ought to be telescoped, in view of the fact that no alterations were to be allowed. This was necessary because the slightest alteration would have wrecked the procedure by which the Bill is to be forced through against the wishes of the House of Lords.

The Government pointed this out and left it at that. The Opposition maintained that this was not exactly their idea of democracy, and they kept on maintaining it in all sorts of tones and with all sorts of frills. Then, the telescoping proposal having been carried by a majority, the Bill itself was talked about again.

Perhaps the best speech in support of the measure came from Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, who, formally moving the Third Reading, merely nodded his head without a word. It was at least as eloquent and full of new ideas as most of the speeches that followed.



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

97. Sir Stanley Reed (Aylesbury)

But all of them were longer—much, much longer. In the end the Bill was passed and sent off to the Lords—with the comforting reflection (for Government supporters) that, whether their Lordships like it or not, it will become law in a month or so, under the *Parliament Act*, 1911.

Tuesday, November 15th

It was so foggy in the House of Commons this afternoon that the proceedings came out of the murk like the disembodied voices of a talkie when the lights fail. It was quite fun trying to identify some of them—but the darkness seemed to have an adverse effect on the politeness of the Government Front Bench.

Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, for instance, who is usually polite—if

rather frosty—angered the House by what seemed unnecessary snap-piness with Colonel CROSTHWAITE-EYRE. The Colonel asked a polite question and then an equally polite supplementary, only to receive the reply: "My answer means what it says!" When the Colonel pressed for a more illuminating answer, the Chancellor rapped: "If you want an answer, put the question on the paper!" The shocked cries of protest were not confined to the Opposition benches.

Mr. MORRISON, too, was far from accommodating when he was asked whether he could not allow a little more time for the foreign affairs debate on Thursday.

Thereafter the House addressed itself, without excitement, to enemy property and public loans.

While the Commons were enduring "ruderies," their Lordships were discussing politeness. Lord TEMPLEWOOD wanted a polite note sent to J.P.s who had reached the retiring age, expressing the nation's thanks for their past services, and good wishes for the future. Lord DE LA WARR wanted a two-penny booklet prepared, giving a Code of Conduct for people using public parks. Both proposals had support, and it was agreed that they should be considered—favourably.

Wednesday, November 16th

The casual onlooker might have found something strange in the fact that to-day, with-  
House of Commons: Surrender—or Victory? in forty-eight hours of the passing of a Bill to clip the powers of the House of Lords, the Government should be asking the House of Commons to accept an important proposal by their Lordships. Yet so it was.

It seemed that the Lords had insisted on their proposal that the Government's Bill to nationalize the Iron and Steel industry should not come into effect until after the General Election. This official





"Reason," as sent down by their Lordships, was read out in level tones by Sir "ERIC" METCALFE, Clerk of the Commons—and was received with a roar of cheers from the Conservative benches which clearly embarrassed the modest Clerk, unaccustomed as he is to public speaking.

Then Mr. GEORGE STRAUSS, the Minister of Supply, rose and moved that the House disagree with the Lords—adding quickly, as over-exuberant supporters cheered, that he would himself move a "compromise" suggestion. As this had precisely the same effect as their Lordships' plan, it was not surprising that, a few moments later, Mr. CHURCHILL announced its acceptance.

But first Mr. STRAUSS went through a creditable few rounds of shadow-boxing, and, strictly metaphorically, knocked their Lordships about a bit. Clinging steadfastly to his typed brief he scarcely paused as gusts of laughter came at frequent intervals from the Opposition benches, with Mr. CHURCHILL's distinctive chuckle topping the lot.

The Minister's case was that the wicked Lords had so held up his carefully laid plans that they had ganged agley. That being so, rather than rush things, he would agree to the postponement—but it was all wrong that the Lords should be able to do this and demand that the electors be consulted a second time on so vital an issue.

Mr. CHURCHILL offered condolences which the Minister did not seem to want, and added that the action of the Lords would result in almost a referendum on the issue of nationalizing steel. And, if the Conservatives won office . . .

Mr. CHURCHILL paused, swung his hand in a sweeping gesture of obliteration, and raising his voice cried: "We shall expunge this from the Statute Book!" He paused while the two sides cheered their different cheers, then went on to utter a few characteristic phrases concerning unnecessary delay in holding a General Election—"since everyone knows this Parliament is dead." Delay, he said, meant a "prolonged period of purposeless uncertainty."

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON wound up the debate, which was largely of the "Yah—you wait!" order, and the compromise was agreed to without so much as a vote, so the Steel Bill will not come into effect until October 1, 1950. "If," as Tory speakers added darkly, "then!"

Thursday, November 17th

To-day's debate was so wide-ranging that it seemed, as someone commented, to cover the whole world and then leave something undiscussed. The proceedings at the European Assembly at Strasbourg last summer, Mr. BEVIN's more recent conference in Paris with U.S. and French Ministers, the state of Germany—and her future—and the affairs of the Far East were but some of the items touched on.

Mr. CHURCHILL, in unusually critical mood, and Mr. BEVIN shared the honours of the debate between them. But the whole discussion was far too diffuse—and at the same time, compressed—to be of any great value.

House of Commons:  
Foreign Affairs

## CRISIS AT PASSIONFIELD PARVA

WE live under the shadow of deepening crisis. Life jolts haltingly on from day to day, but in the sky the great clouds are piling, and from the tempests stirring to birth within them little chilling messenger-winds ruffle the uneasy calm of our lives. Some think we have had it, others that our golden hour is yet to be.

It is not the Russians, the atom bomb, or the economic blizzard. Rector refers to these things from time to time in the same kindly but definite way (and often in the same sentence) as he refers to discipline within the Mothers' Union, and as a village we feel as well able to deal with them sensibly as we did with the trouble in 1643 when the Hall was burned down. This is something with which we cannot deal at all, a Bill; the Bill for National Parks and Access to the Countryside. Confound Tom Crecy at the Court, and consign everyone at "The Goat" to permanent damnation if we have not suddenly realized that we are scheduled to find ourselves any time now in the middle of a National Park, and for the first time for at least eight hundred years statutorily accessible.

Of course there is no real trouble about accessibility now, certainly not for people with local knowledge, determination, and an overmastering reason for getting here. Enter the front two coaches of almost anything except an express plying between Waterloo and the South Coast, get out at Crichel-heaver if it stops—as it sometimes does and sometimes doesn't—get the bus to Fork Morton, change there into another bus which runs twice a day three times a week to Passionfield St. Matthew, walk the couple of miles or so along the ridge to Passionfield Admiral, and there you are right above us, and have only to get down the slope and across Mould's forty-acre to fetch up in the lane which comes out hardly a mile from "The Goat." So it is not as if we were off the beaten track. Some think we might be better off if we were.

It is not accessibility but the prospect of suddenly becoming a

National Park that has changed our even tenor to crisis and speculation about the future. Tom Crecy went to the length of occupying his seat in the Lords all through the Second Reading debate, and this in itself is something he has not done since the Parliament Act of 1911, which he did not unreservedly approve. The main difficulty in arriving at an agreed basis for the discussion of the measure at "The Goat" has been uncertainty as to the nature of a National Park. Tom reports a chap on the Government side in the debate as laying it down clearly that whatever it was it was nothing like Wigan Park, and this would have been a useful piece of negative evidence if the same chap hadn't gone on to lay it down later that a path, so far as country-lovers were concerned, was not intended as a short cut to somewhere; this extraordinary proposition was felt to throw considerable doubt on anything else that had fallen from him, and would in any case certainly have precluded his ever getting anywhere near Passionfield Parva, either physically or in the spirit.

Let it be said straight away that of course we all approve of the principle of National Parks. Miss

Waist at the shop is convinced that we shall all be the better for plenty of fine upstanding young male hikers. Sarah Ridehaugh at Starlings thinks it will mean a large herd of bison, of which she is passionately fond, maintained at our common charges. Sarah was taken as a child to Yellowstone, and is perhaps a thought out of touch. As for Blackadder at Deep Farm, it would do you good to hear his progressive views on leaving his gates open wide for columns of happy rambles.

But principles are not all, and the air at "The Goat," thick enough at all times, is thicker still with foreboding. If we are to become accessible, more than rambles will tread the path from Passionfield Admiral. Mould is already making plans to close the frivolous right of way which is the shortest distance between the two ends of the forty-acre, and tracing out a rolling English approach-route for black-hatted country-lovers from the Ministry. It is said that this, unlike the old way, will not pass his pigsties, but this may be coincidental. For myself, I am in good heart, let the clouds loom never so uncertainly. As Rector says, our lot is fallen unto us in a fairground, and it is up to us to turn it into a goodly heritage.

## ÆSTAS MIRABILIS

ON March 16th, as far as I remember,  
I hoped (in *Punch*) I should with care avoid  
Mistakes of yore, and have until November  
A year to be enjoyed.

My hopes were realized, so now I tender  
Thanks to the year that did not let me down,  
From those first weeks when (twice) I wore in  
splendour  
A Nimbus on my crown,

To that great month of joy—I mean October,  
Of Deuces Wild, Masked Light, and that sweet day  
When even one invariably sober  
Must dance—and drink—Strathspey.

Ah! Happy Trio, Garrick, Summerseas!  
Ah! Sterope, sweet wife of Pisa's king!  
What? Give up betting after backing these?  
I shall do no such thing. J. B. NAISMITH

## AT THE PLAY

*Lady Audley's Secret* (PRINCES)  
*Call It Madness* (NEW LINDSEY)

FRESH from the Bedford comes *Lady Audley's Secret*, and the kernel of the secret seems to be that the time is past (if ever it was ripe) for putting the Victorian joke in italics. This version of Miss Braddon's novel (produced by Miss JUDITH FURSE) is obviously aimed to capture the "Young England" market, to revive the habit of an audience word-perfect in the play and loud in anticipation of its juicier phrases, that made a fashionable riot of Mr. Walter Reynolds' patriotic tract. Whether you enjoyed that expert heckling, which became almost a whole-time occupation for one section of the town, or found it tediously adolescent, there was this to be said for it: it grew up naturally out of what began as a serious production. *Lady Audley*, on the other hand, opens with a smirk. Every absurdity in the melodrama is red-pencilled with elaborate pause and gesture, apparently in fear lest we might miss the fact that stage Victorians are rather different from ourselves. It is as if the latest Wodehouse were to be published with a guidebook system of stars, so that we should know exactly where to laugh and how much. As a playgoer I find this insulting to my intelligence. While all for harking back to the Victorians, and all for laughing at them if we happen to find them funny, I like them to have a fair run and I feel that the bull-voiced wags in the stalls who made hay of the first night should quickly have found themselves outside in the cold.

The adaptation, done anonymously, is not unskillful, and played straight, might have been delightful. The ballets engaged in by the Audley retainers are nice, and



(Lady Audley's Secret)

## The Good Old Days

*Lady Audley*—MISS PAT NYE; *Luke Marks*—MR. ALLEN BOURNE WEBB;  
*Alicia Audley*—MISS ANNE CRAWFORD; *Sir Michael Audley*—MR. ALAN  
 GORDON; *George Talboys*—MR. BILL SHINE

the liberal admixture of sugar-plums such as "The Gipsy's Warning" and "Just a Song at Twilight" blends tellingly with the revelation of *Lady Audley's* awful heart. But the weakness here is that very few of the voices are up to the job, and some are notably inadequate. Whatever vices flourished in whiskered England, the genteel murmuring of popular songs was not one of them.

It is only honest to admit that the judgment of the audience appeared to be against me, and though, as I have said, it was self-conscious, there was much to admire in the vigour of the acting. Miss PAT NYE, Mr. ALLEN BOURNE WEBB and Mr. RICHARD BALDWIN came out best, the last-named being the most effective because the most restrained. Miss ANNE CRAWFORD looked charming but sounded a long way away.

Mr. ALLAN McCLELLAND is a young playwright of whom we should certainly hear more, if only he can learn that the theatre is a place for action of one kind or another. His dialogue is sharp, when he is not rather windily exploring the

obscurer recesses of the tortured soul, and he has a comic appreciation of character that already stands him in good stead. The youth in *Call It Madness*, whom he plays himself with tolerable conviction, is full of a doom-and-gloom straight off the steppes. Having tried at the age of eleven to kill his decent, hearty father he has killed his mother instead. Father and son at last make friends, whereupon the father drives into a wall while full of brandy affectionately pressed on him by his son, who discovers in the whole business more significance than I could. Nevertheless the play has a promising quality, shown off sympathetically by Miss OLIVE GREGG, Mr. CAMPBELL SINGER, Miss MARJORIE GILBERT and Mr. PATRICK BOXILL. Miss GREGG, who plays a virtuous but disturbing secretary, has a wobbly and nebulous part which she carries off with disarming naturalness. Miss GILBERT and Mr. BOXILL take Irish "below-stairs" characters, to whom the author has given some of his most rewarding lines, and take them well.

ERIC KEOWN

## Recommended

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—*Globe*—Witty comedy by a poet.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—*Phoenix*—First-rate American tragedy, with Paul Muni.

THE HEIRESS—*Haymarket*—From Henry James' story, very well staged.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.



(Call It Madness)

## Chief Mourner

*Denzil*—MR. ALLAN McCLELLAND



## TALES, MARVELLOUS TALES

WHEN Mr. Somerset Maugham sits down to write one of his masterly short stories he does so in the knowledge that he is able to draw upon an abundance of material garnered from his extensive travels. I have always longed to write a short story but I have never had much material. In youth I had some vague idea that I should one day sail the China seas, but I took no steps to bring this about and I found myself eventually in a rather drab world of debits and credits. In such a world there are not many opportunities for the writer. Attempts to pray enemies to death may be made, but I have never heard of them, nor have I ever seen a colleague killed by the ruffling of his reflection in a calabash of water. There are no "hearts that beat and languish, cries of rage and anguish and bitter laughter"—only an occasional epidemic of colds in the head. And yet, as I say, I have always longed to write a short story.

The other day it occurred to me that it might be possible to introduce into a tale with an office background—to which I should be able to give the necessary flavour of authenticity—events and characters more likely to be found in Mr. Maugham's stories; and, since no one

doubts the popularity of this writer's work, to attempt, in so far as it lay in my power, to imitate his style.

As a species of spring-board from which to plunge into my tale I chose a short extract from one of Mr. Maugham's stories. "It was before we went home last time," says one of the characters. "I was D.O. in Selangor and one day they came and told me that a white man was dead in a small town a couple of hours up the river."

It was just before the June balance (I began). McGowan, the manager of our Bradley branch, had collapsed suddenly and I went to take over. I was met by Benton, a little man with a large, fleshy face, the cheeks hanging on each side in great dewlaps. He appeared unable to frame a sentence without an oath, though a good-natured one, and his account of McGowan's mishap took some time.

"Where is he now?" I asked.

"On the A to K section of current-account ledgers."

"I'd like to see him."

McGowan lay flat on his back, breathing stertorously. He was a tall fellow, good-looking in a slightly theatrical way, with a dusky, sallow face.

"Why did you put him here?" I asked.

"They're using L to Z just now. When they finish we'll move him there and they can do A to K."

"I see."

"It was about eleven o'clock. Miss Root had just come out of his room with his empty coffee cup. We heard a crash. '— me, that's the coal,' I said to the junior clerk. But it was Mr. McGowan."

"I'd like to see Miss Root."

Miss Root was a little woman, but strong, active and wiry, with sharp features and small, beady eyes.

"How did you find Mr. McGowan this morning, Miss Root?"

"I knew he'd be in his room."

It was a neat parry. I lit a cigarette and looked absently over the partition beyond which lay the

counter. A customer shuffled in and asked with an evil smile for a pound's worth of half-crowns. Benton threw him the coins with a coarse expletive.

"You don't understand me, Miss Root. Did he appear in good health?"

She gave me a stubborn, secretive look.

"They've moved him off A to K. I must go and enter up the accounts."

I strolled round to Benton at the counter.

"This is a pretty mess, Benton," I said. "What are we to do?"

"Well, we could clear a space under the counter. Then they'd be able to get on with all the current accounts at the same time."

A customer came in, gave me a furtive look, and sidled up to Benton.

"It's a — fine morning," said Benton.

"I want to draw ten pounds." "But there's a nip in the air, by —!"

"Nine ones and a pound of silver."

When we were alone once more, Benton turned to me, dewlaps flushed, hands opening and clenching spasmodically.

"I want my holiday! I want to get away to the country! This thing has shaken me, I tell you!"

"It's a bad business."

"What are those lines about having an appetite for a — mountain?"

I was taken aback.

"Wordsworth's, d'you mean?" I asked.

I quoted them.

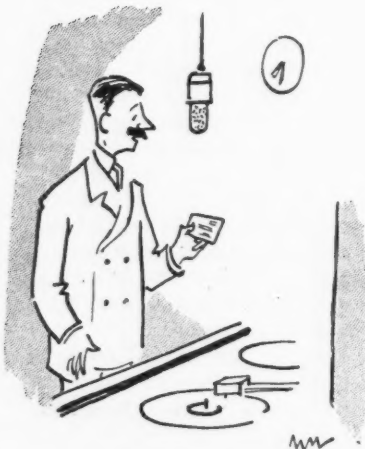
"The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, Their colours and their forms, were then to me

An appetite."

"That's it!" He gave a gasp that was half a groan. "Have you read 'We are Seven'?" he asked thickly . . .

I don't know what my readers may think, but I consider that I have made a pretty good beginning.

T. S. WATT



"And here we have a card from Mr. Tchaikovsky asking us not to play anything from 'Swan Lake' to-night."

## BOOKING OFFICE

## Mixed Bag

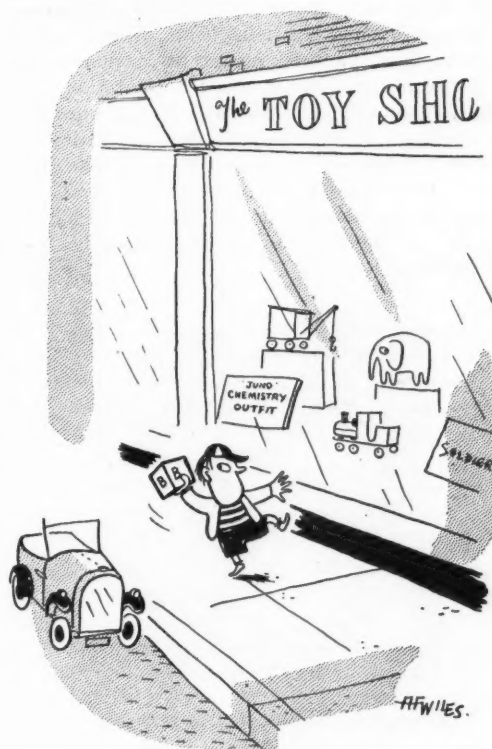
"TRUE, our journey from Athlone to Dublin and back to the Shannon could have been accomplished by car in half a day or by air in an hour or so, but this is mere movement, it is not travel. Travel is not susceptible of measurement." Here is wisdom the jet-age is forgetting, and it was in this old-fashioned spirit that Mr. L. T. C. Rolt and his wife spent three adventurous summer months exploring Irish waterways, the Shannon, and the Grand and Royal Canals, in a converted ship's lifeboat. They did not go to be funny at the expense of the Irish, or to make good deficiencies in steak, and they were delighted to note that most of the public clocks had stopped and that life in at least one European country still proceeded at a sensible pace. As a result of this attitude *Green and Silver*, which might so fatally have been padded out with humorous conversations with stage lock-keepers and with the trivia of day-to-day mishaps, is a first-rate piece of observation. Mr. Rolt, who abominates big cities, was the man to get the best out of Ireland. He believes we are in a fair way to become mechanized morons, yet unlike the more perverse writers of the back-to-the-adze school his nostalgia for craftsmanship and a life with some roots to it is balanced by a desire to make the most of modern conditions. *Green and Silver* is both an entertaining record of an enviable holiday and a friendly and intelligent inquiry into things Irish.

Navigation was sometimes tricky, especially in the Shannon lakes, but fortunately the Rolts knew their business. Except from the urchins of Dublin, whose spitting attains Olympian accuracy, they were met by immense courtesy and hospitality. Tinkers, baronets and even, to their astonishment, canal authorities went out of their way to be nice. They had wonderful musical evenings in cottages, and were bidden to dine in a great lakeside mansion designed by John Nash. They tied up to the dead quays of little towns that had once hummed with the busy passenger traffic of the canals, and for days were alone in remote and wildly beautiful scenery. They came on fairs and regattas and Gaelic festivals, they talked the world upside down over pints of porter, and they learned to ask in waterside pubs for high tea and not for dinner. Mr. Rolt's antiquarian passion for narrow-gauge railways had a rare fling in central Ireland, and as a critic of architecture he found much to please him, though some of the church interiors seemed tawdry, and he was shocked by the careless treatment of such national treasures as Clonmacnoise. Not a Roman Catholic, he was nevertheless driven to doubt whether the dictatorship of the priest is more oppressive in practice than our own dictatorship of the Civil Servant; but he remained quite sure that, whatever the future of Eire, the policy of artificial segregation from the thought of Europe is an absurdity doomed to failure. This is a civilized and charming book, reflecting the serenity of mind that was its chief discovery. Excellent photographs by Mrs. Rolt go with it.

*A Doctor Regrets . . .* is one of those autobiographies that leave the reader wondering to what extent their authors invited the ill-usage they chronicle so readily. Dr. Donald McI. Johnson's recurring dislike of those above him gives the impression that his path might have been easier had he taken more trouble to conceal his feeling of superiority. Not only does he attack his public school by name (to the education of the middle and upper classes ingeniously attributing many of our modern ills), but he also singles out for obloquy members of his profession whose treatment of him as a youth he deemed unsatisfactory. Bad manners and jejune philosophizing do not lighten his account of a career that could scarcely be of general concern except in its description of the Cambridge Expedition to East Greenland in 1926, on which he served as doctor, and of a year spent under Grenfell's ægis in Canadian Labrador. In these spheres, which he illuminates with fine photographs, Dr. Johnson is much more interesting. There is a further volume of his autobiography to come.

*The Death of a God* contains the short stories Sir Osbert Sitwell published in "Open the Door," plus that pathetic piece of haunting, "A Place of One's Own," which was originally issued separately, and a story new to his collections, "Staggered Holidays." Thus it is almost entirely a reprint, but how well its contents repay a second reading!

ERIC KEOWN



### Sacred and Profane Love

The two short novels published together as the fourth volume of Mr. Gerard Hopkins' excellent translation of François Mauriac deal with the thralldom of sexuality. The reader who is more interested in the art of fiction than in Catholic theology will probably prefer *The Desert of Love*, a study of the relations of a father and son with the mistress of a Bordeaux business man. In *The Enemy*, the child of a narrowly pious woman is seduced by an ageing courtesan and behaves with a brutality which the author has to come before the curtain to justify. In neither of these tales is Mauriac at his amazing best, although he is a great enough man for even his minor works to be interesting. There is still the vivid, hostile background, natural and human, the fascinated interest in regional manners and the half-ashamed skill in narrative; but, especially in *The Enemy*, the tone is too exultingly improving.

R. G. G. P.

### "Then Cherish Pity..."

Christian compassion—after a nasty slump at the Renaissance—became philanthropy in the eighteenth century on its way to the welfare state. This halfway stage is the theme of *Cloak of Charity*—a very charming and perceptive book on what might have been considered a peculiarly arid subject. Before Luke Honeythunder fulminated from the Haven of Philanthropy and the Reverend Brocklebank lectured the Clergy Orphans on the vanity of curls, Captain Coram, Jonas Hanway, John Howard, Robert Raikes, Mrs. Trimmer, Hannah More, Granville Sharp and William Wilberforce were dedicating laborious, if not always tactful, days to orphans, paupers, prostitutes, prisoners, the home-grown heathen, the end of the plantation slave and the beginning of his industrial opposite number. Betsy Rodgers shows the reformers at their best and worst; and her book abounds in vivid contemporary pictures. One misses, however, Blake's "Holy Thursday," and the orphans who flowed "into the high dome of Paul's" accompanied by "white-headed beadles" of the pre-Bumble era.

H. P. E.



### Artistic Temperaments

When the Hon. Charles Wyndham, in a moment of understandable irritation, stigmatized his wife, her step-brother and her half-sister as *The Parasites*, he set them, individually and collectively, on a path of retrospective self-examination and furnished Miss Daphne du Maurier with the matter of a pleasantly intriguing story. These three, who constitute the complex family of a celebrated singer and a celebrated dancer, are themselves all artists after their kinds—Maria the successful actress, Niall the popular song-writer, and Celia with her gift for drawing thwarted by domestic exigencies. But it is with their temperaments rather than their achievements that Miss Du Maurier is principally concerned, and more particularly with those temperaments' mutual impingements. Though sharply differentiated, they are so bound together by the peculiarity of their common memories as to form a sort of triple entity; and that, it is to be supposed, is what Miss Du Maurier intends to convey by her very odd way with the personal pronouns.

F. B.

### Farewell to Sail

In the early nineteen-hundreds, when Mr. Alan Villiers, as a small boy in Melbourne, first made up his mind to go to sea in a sailing ship, the square-rigged grain carrier was still a factor to be reckoned with in that and other Australian seaports. By the time the story of his life as a Cape Horn seaman, as he tells it in *The Set of the Sails*, comes to an end, the ocean-going sailor, except for one or two survivors of the German "P" fleet, has practically vanished from the seas. Two world wars, economic pressure and the trend of what Mr. Villiers terms, not inaptly, a "power-mad" age have done their work all too well. Mr. Villiers' story is one of a gallant and unquenchable devotion to an early ideal, and many people will echo his hope that the future may still find room for the sailing ship in some form or other. "Man is not yet so great that he has no need of the simple natural things," is his conclusion; and signs are not wanting in this machine-ridden world that people in more spheres than one are coming to a like opinion.

C. F. S.

### Books Reviewed Above

- Green and Silver.* L. T. C. Rolt. (Allen and Unwin, 16/-)  
*A Doctor Regrets.* . . Donald McL. Johnson. (Christopher Johnson, 12/6)  
*The Death of a God.* Sir Osbert Sitwell. (Macmillan, 8/6)  
*The Desert of Love and The Enemy.* François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6)  
*Cloak of Charity.* Betsy Rodgers. (Methuen, 16/-)  
*The Parasites.* Daphne du Maurier. (Gollancz, 11/-)  
*The Set of the Sails.* Alan Villiers. (Hodder and Stoughton, 20/-)

### Other Recommended Books

*From Cave Painting to Comic Strip.* Lancelot Hogben. (Max Parrish, 21/-) A popular history of man's self-education, or "a picture-book about picture-making"; over 200 illustrations, many in colour. An extraordinary range of learning impressively simplified.

*Far Twittering.* Emmett. (Faber, 10/6) The Annals of a Branch Line, in curious detail. Most of these drawings have already appeared in *Punch*.



## GREAT GAFFE

... I suppose it will seem ridiculous to you young ones, in London, that Bumpingham should have had a Shopping Week. Not to make people spend money of course, which we all know now is wrong; but just to make them spend it in Bumpingham if they do. Some of the Special Events had nothing to do with shopping; for instance, a Ping-pong Tournament and a Beauty Queen Contest. There was also something called a Fancy Feature composed of Paper Bags from Bumpingham.

Miss Yelf, whose mother has sometimes come in to help when Mrs. Rylands has had to look after the grandchild because of her daughter being in hospital, called specially to ask us to enter for something. Her young man is on the committee.

The only thing that seemed suitable for us was called the Great Gaffe. There was a notice outside Lodge's about it: seven windows out of the twelve shops had a Great Gaffe in them. Lodge told you what theirs was—a tube of shaving-cream among a display of tooth-paste.

We didn't want to disoblige Miss Yelf, so your father said he would go and look for the other six. One didn't know which of the shops they were in. He brought back the meat far too late to cook, we had to open one of the tins Mary sent from Australia because Jim was motoring to Bristol and called in unexpectedly. He said—your father—he'd only found two; one was in the baker's where it said Pastries with the "s" the wrong way round, and one was in Hartley's where there was a pile of sheets with a large ticket on top saying 79/11, and a little ticket falling out of the inside of one of them saying £4 0s. 1d.

Jim said he remembered the backwards "s" in Pastries, it was there when he was seven, and probably Mr. Hartley just hadn't got a big ticket saying £4 0s. 1d.—after all, only 2d. and no one ever heard of such a price till lately. He rode down the street and came back to say in the greengrocer's there was a lettuce among the cabbages.



*"And now a gay spontaneous smile for three minutes and forty seconds."*

Next day when I went down myself the lettuce was gone. A fierce woman outside the ironmonger's was writing in a notebook. She said what an easy one it was, and I wasted twenty minutes looking among screws and files and pots of paint and a lawn-mower—I wish your father would get a new one, the old one is far too heavy for him.

At Hartley's I met old Mrs. Whittleberry with some mother-of-pearl opera-glasses, because Mrs. Yelf sometimes obliges her too. She complained that her eyes weren't as good as they used to be and then suddenly said "Ah!" and went away, I'm sure much more briskly than I walk. Mr. Sharp, the school-master—after your time—was going

by on his bicycle and called out "Madly squeeze a right-hand foot," which worried me all the rest of the morning.

It was when your father heard about Mrs. Whittleberry and the opera glasses that he came over like he gets if he doesn't win at chess and stalked out of the house with his walking-stick. It was two hours and a half before he came back and all he said was "Do Biggs's really sell boot-polish?"

Of course they sell nearly everything, but to make sure I went in next day and asked. The girl said "Oh, yes, that's not the gee-gee"—at least, that was what I thought she said, I'm not used to you young people's abbreviations. Old Mrs. W. was still prowling up and down the

street—she had started writing things in a notebook too.

I suddenly remembered "into a left-hand shoe" and sure enough in Hartley's, which as you know has children's shoes in one corner of the window, there were gum-boots in pairs, one of which wasn't. I rushed home to tell your father and he met me at the door and said "Into a left-hand shoe." I told him about Mrs. Whittleberry's notebook and he said he was just going out again. He hasn't been early for a meal all the week.

We didn't send in a list in the end because the madly-squeeze was the only one we found. Anyway old Mrs. Whittleberry didn't get the prize—your father was so pleased—it was won by a schoolgirl with two long plaits, the postmaster's daughter, I think. Sharper eyes. But Mrs. W. did win the Fancy Feature composed of Paper Bags from Bumpingham, because hers was the only entry. She had made a teddy-bear of them, and really some of the bags she must have had in her attic for years because right across the creature's chest it said "Sausages Fresh Daily." Your father said she ought to have been disqualified.

## PRO SUBURBIA

IF I have sometimes tossed you, *Mon Repos*;  
If I have often gored you, *Mon Abri*;  
There was no actual beef behind the blow—  
My ink-horn wasn't me.

What would I have you then? Some Mayfair  
mews.

Living in lost prosperity's past smell?  
Some Hall with open-cast (two-shilling) views  
(And extra for the Dell)?

Some Chelsea "studio" in need of paint?  
Is it for these I'd change your artless hearth?  
Some beamy-creamy cottage, conscious-quaint,  
Tweedily called "The Garth"?

No, *Mon Abri*! Retain the level mind  
That rolls your lawn as true as *Mon Repos*,  
That has its standards upright and defined  
Like your own standard rose.

Your gravel path is narrow duty's way;  
Your golden privet— isn't it a scream?—  
Is stable currency you earn, and pay,  
To live your ordered dream.

The left wing rises and the right wing drops:  
You keep between the rails and on the ground  
(The 8.15 to Waterloo, no stops).  
*Mes Amis*, you are sound!

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



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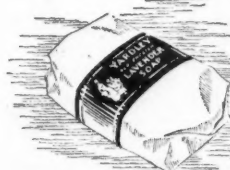
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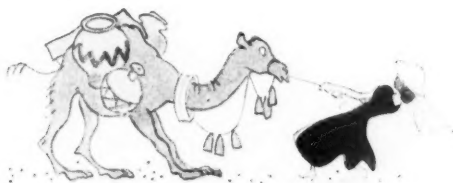
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Punch, November 23 1949

# rich-and-rare Vegetable Soup!



Go East, young woman . . .



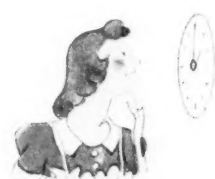
bring home the finest spices . . .



blend them into rich, deep-down good tomato stock . . . add crisp, garden-fresh vegetables . . .



simmer for hours . . .



until that wonderful moment . . .



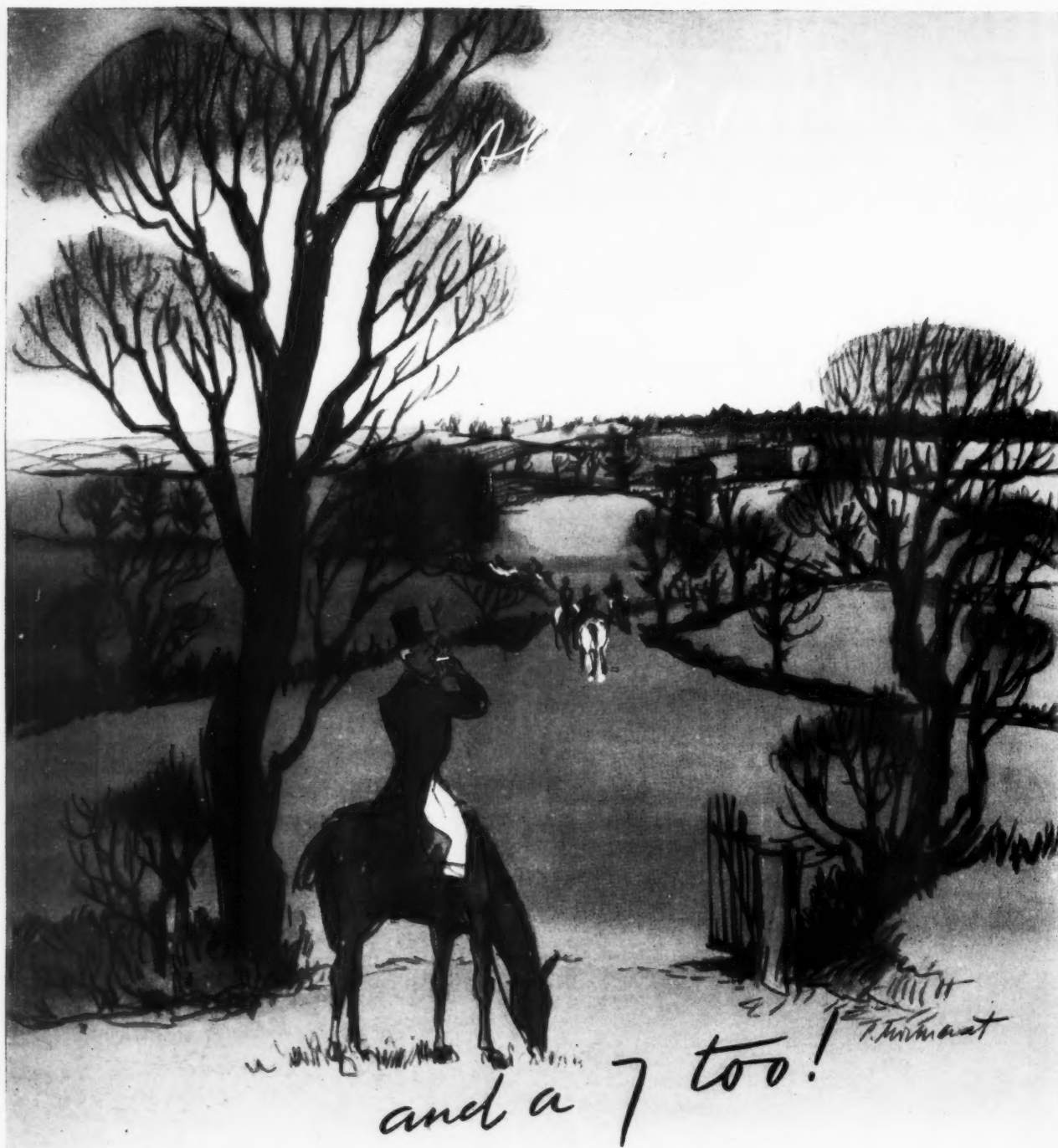
when the flavour is perfect . . .



then, ah then, serve soup !

## Or open a tin of HEINZ !





The trees and hedges glowing brown against the green acres . . . and the violent glitter of scarlet flickering in and out of view. The peaceful glory of an awakening November morning . . . and the little friendly groan of leather rubbing leather. The anticipation of vigorous hours to come . . . and the stolen pleasure of a few lazy minutes. And for perfection one thing more—

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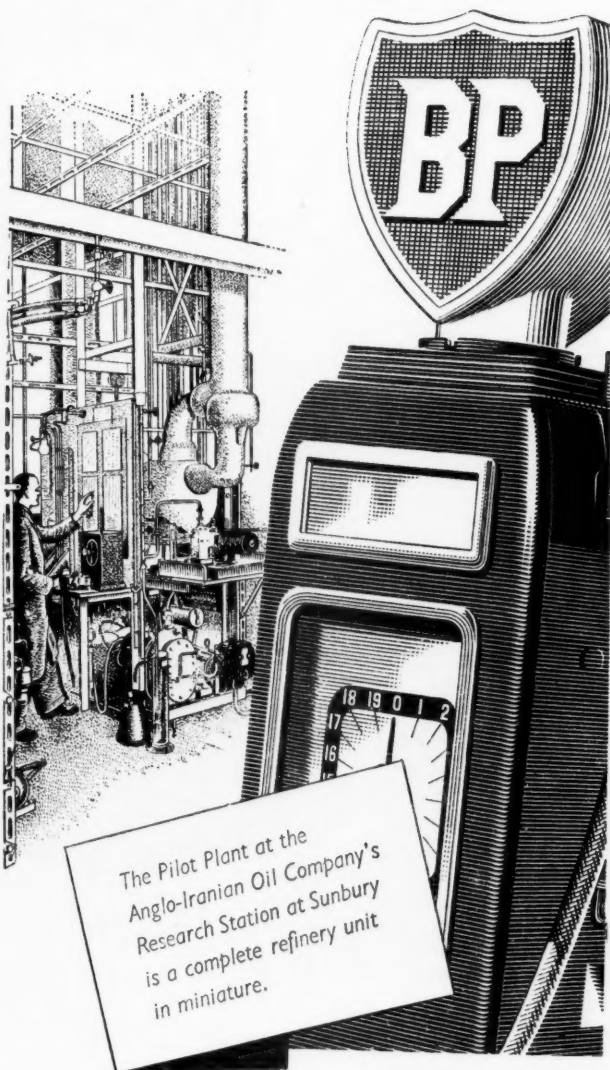


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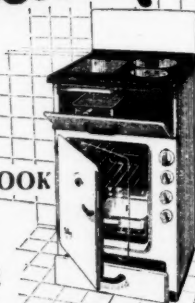


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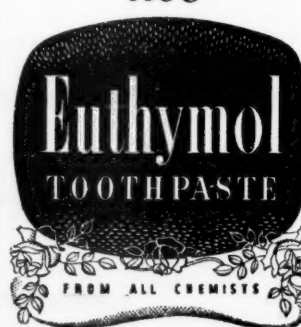
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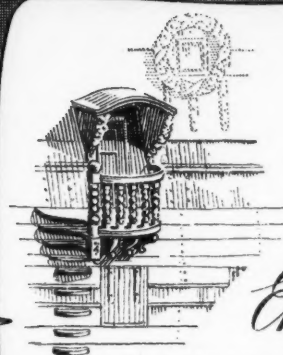


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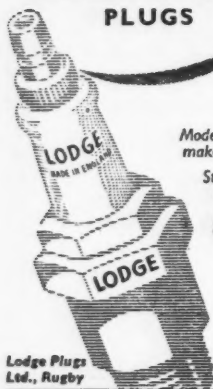


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	London Gin	31/9
	Sherry (Produce of Spain)	18/-
	Champagne (Moët & Chandon non-vintage)	22/6
	Port (Produce of Portugal)	17/6
	Haut Sauternes	11/-
	<b>Total £6. 14. 1</b>	

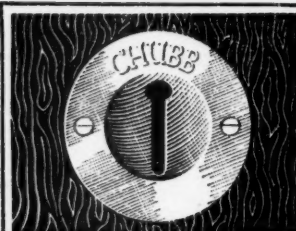
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**PIT ARCHES**

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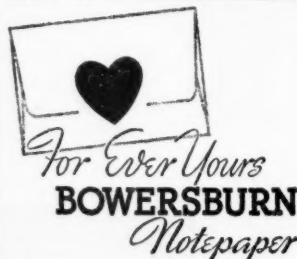
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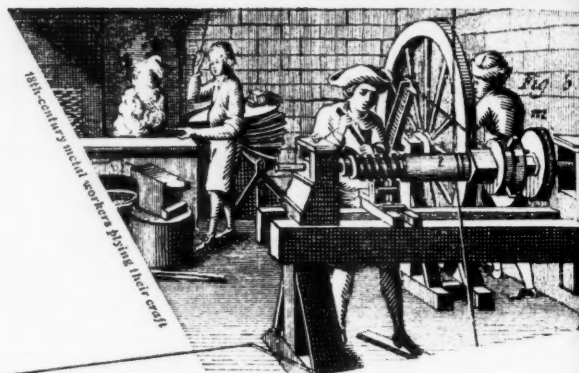
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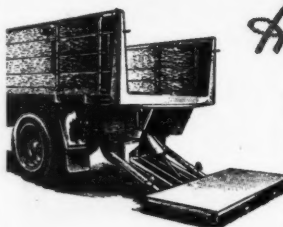
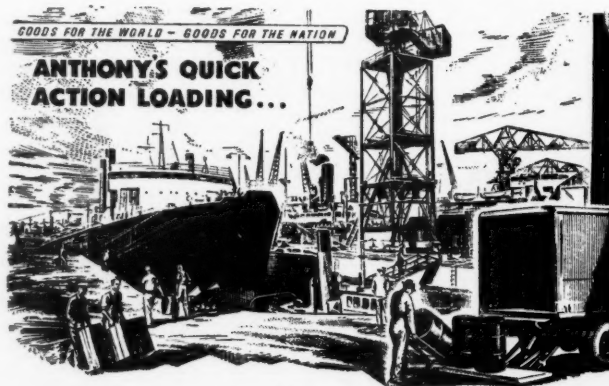
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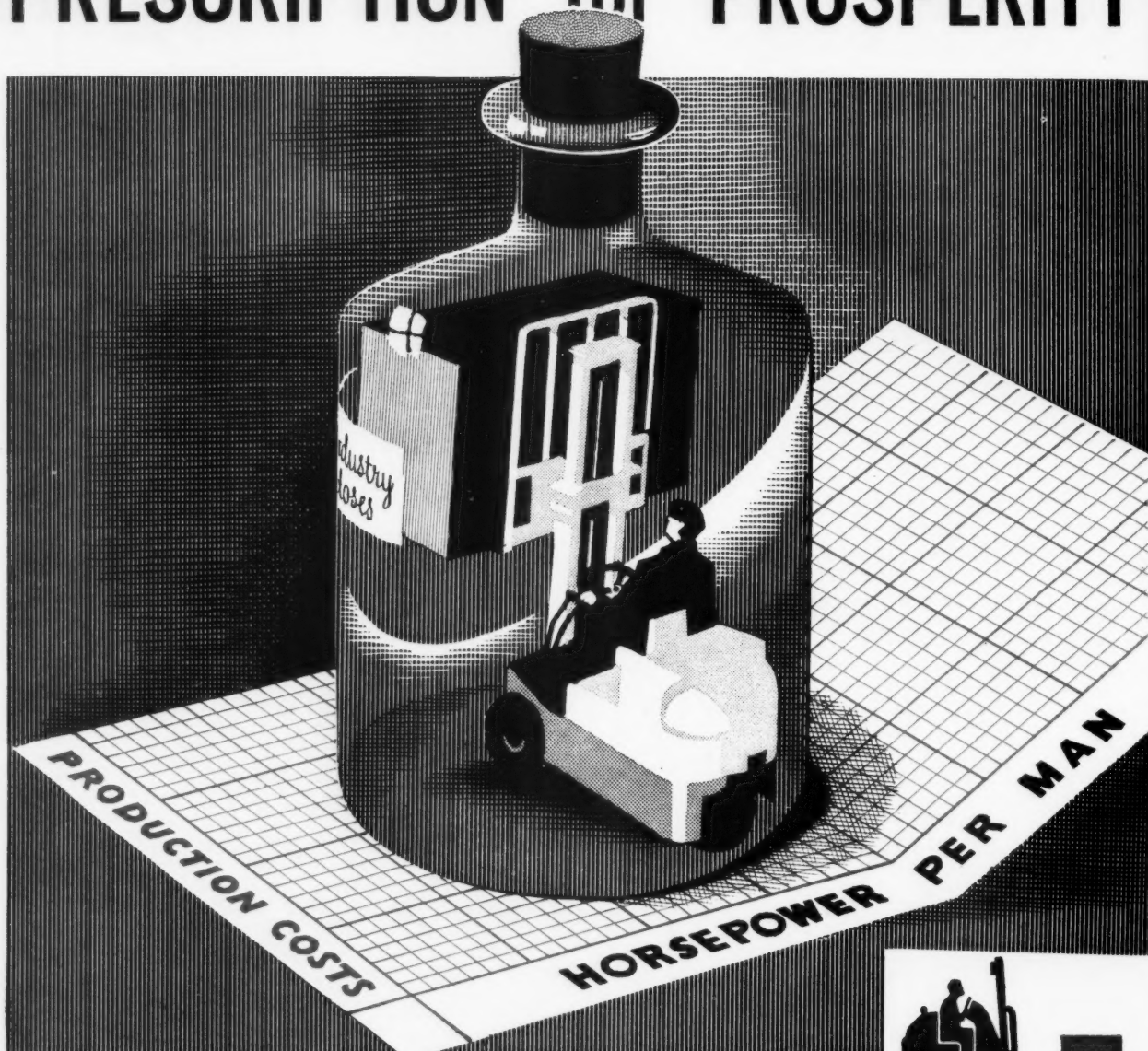
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